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Humorous Story.

MY FIRST FIGHT.

[For the following laughable story and the accompanying engraving, we are indebted to "Waggeries and Vagaries," by W. E. Burton, a humorous work not long since published by *Messrs. Carey & Hart*, of this city.]

I well remember the particulars of my first fight. I was a mere stripling—a lad of seventeen—when I ventured to challenge a gray-headed veteran, whose military whiskers and mustachios alone ought to have created reverence; but I was in love—horrible, consuming, omnipotent love! and I would have confronted the whole of Bonaparte's cuirassiers in the battle charge, rather than have submitted to the flagrant outrage committed on my self-esteem.

Mary! the fairy dream of my earliest love, the darling of my juvenility! How well do I remember the dark-brown hair that waved in rich luxuriance over her round and polished shoulders—the delicate tracery of the slightly arched eye-brows that overhung, like Cupid's bow, the speaking orbs of hazel tint, with their arrowy flashes of enthusiasm, or the languor of a melting love-glance, when the long and silken lashes almost wooed each other in a soft embrace. I used to gaze for hours upon the delicate whiteness of her marble forehead, the rich crimson of the small and well-shaped lips, of sufficient plumpness to ensure a warmth of soul, (let every man avoid a thin-lipped woman,) and the pearly treasures of her mouth that never opened but to discourse most eloquent music. Let us not prate of the harmony of the spheres, the twanging of Apollo's lyre, or the magic melody of Memnon's head! Can aught excel the wondrous beauty of a woman's tongue—the soft rich murmurings of affection's voice—the type and concentration of harmonic loveliness—attuned in Heaven and uttered first in Paradise, to the endangerment of the hearer's soul!

For many months I was content to gaze with boyish rapture upon my Mary's face, nor dreamed of happiness beyond the privilege of sight. Chance, poor mortal's everlasting friend, afforded me the opportunity of an introduction to my charmer. With the audacity of youth, I declared my passion—I was not repulsed. A gentle squeeze of the hand answered my vows of eternal adoration, and I retired to my chamber revelling in the delirium of accepted love.

As I was progressing to Mary's residence in the morning, I was greeted by the aged nurse of my childhood. "So, so, we are soon to have a wedding, eh? I know all about it, though the maiden's blushes are yet burning in her cheek."

"Why, nurse, you are quite poetical in your salutation. How did you obtain your wonderful intelligence? has Mary spoken of her promise?"

"Not with her tongue, boy; not with her tongue. But I have surer grounds for my belief; my daughter Bessy, who waits upon your sweetheart, has told me how Mary talked of you, and kissed your portrait all night long."

"My portrait, nurse! You must mistake."

"No, no; Bessy could not obtain a sight, but of course it was your miniature that was sent in the letter she received last night—that long, long letter she so often read over, and kissed so fervently. For more than an hour did she sit up in bed, and read your letter, and kiss the likeness of that man who was nestled in her heart."

This information sadly puzzled me. I had never owned a miniature, nor had I written to Mary upon any occasion. Jealousy fixed its claws upon my heart; I believed that I had been deceived—fooled!

I ran to Mary's dwelling—she was walking in the garden *with a friend!* There was a sinister expression in little Bessy's face when she gave me the information. A friend! what friend! Mary was an orphan—a stranger—the daughter of an ancient emigrant, who had long since departed from this sublunary world. I had heard Mary say that she was without a friend in the world, and I loved her the better for it. What, then, could this friend be, who had so mysteriously appeared, but an accepted lover whose secret addresses had thus suddenly come to light!

I hastened through the hall, and down the garden steps. There was a favorite arbor overgrown with flowering shrubs and fragrant creepers—where the gaudy rose mixed its perfume with the modest jasmine, and the bell-flowers of the convolvulus hung in rich profusion. I knew the locality of this bower of love, for, boy-like, I had often climbed the wall and watched my nymph seek its leafy shelter from the noon-tide sun. I hastened down the principal walk of the garden with a vigorous and determined stride. A female's voice, the voice of my Mary, sounded on my ear—she was warbling a merry ditty, and a rich manly voice chorused the *refrain*. A sudden turn brought them in my view; their backs were towards me—but I saw Mary, *my* Mary, leaning on the shoulder of a man in a military dress, and the scoundrel's arm encircled my fair one's waist. I dashed madly forward, and tore the presumptuous arm from its dear circumligation with a violence that hurled the soldier into the prickly recesses of a row of gooseberry bushes.

"By my fax, but that's a dacent hyst, anyhow," said he, "and if it's not an impertinint quistion, I'd like to be knowing for what?"

"Why have you behaved with this ungentlemanly violence?" said Miss Mary, with an aggravating calmness of voice.

I could not speak. I made horrible mouths at her, and thumped my breast, and shook my fist, as I pointed to the soldier in the gooseberry bush.

"Be aisy, there, making those faces, like a monkey taking medicine. If you're poorly, say so—or just wait till I invagle the frill of my shirt and the tail of my coat from these confounded thorns, bad luck to 'em, and I'll set you to rights in no time."

I walked away; had I stayed longer, I should have shamed my manhood, and drowned my rage in a copious flood of tears.

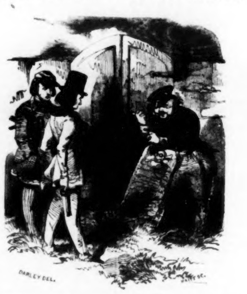
I determined to call my hated rival to a strict account, and exact from him the severest satisfaction. Harry Wilton, a fine hearty fellow, who had been my college chum, lived but a few miles off; and to him alone could I look for the friendly offices usual in affairs of honor. I saddled my horse, and rode to his house. I galloped furiously down the road—a sow with her progeny endeavored to cross before my rapid progress—I did not attempt to stop my horse, but, cursing all females, rode on. The swine were dispersed in all directions—my horse trod on the toes of a young porker, and he squeaked his opinion of the outrage in tones of pathetic appeal. My fancy converted his cries into the dying shrieks of my rival, and I grinned most horribly a ghastly smile.

Harry Wilton heard my story with evident delight. Harry had an obvious *penchant* for arranging these little affairs; he had been twice successful with his man, and eagerly seized on another opportunity.

"Certainly, my dear boy," said he, "you must fight. An Irishman, you say? all the better—Irishmen never balk the game. As for the lady, 'whistle her off,' nor think of giving up 'your unhoused free condition' for such an errant coquette."

"But her explanation may put all smooth again" said I, sobering down a little.

PRACTISING FOR THE FIGHT.



"I'm thinking that the spalpeen wid the popgun in his fist, wouldn't be as asy in his aim if the figure on the wall was only alive and kicking, and ready to pop a bullet in return."

"I hope so; but 'after battle be it then,'" said Harry.

The young men of the village had lately formed a dramatic institution, and Harry had been elected one of the directors. Shakespeare was his present lord of the ascendant, and he larded his conversation with a pretty sprinkle of quotations.

"With your love or the lady I'll not interfere—but your rival must not 'scape 'passage free;' he has 'poisoned you i' the garden for your estate' of love, and 'you must to the wars for your redress.'"

My friend undertook to instantly communicate with my rival, and report progress at my house in the course of the afternoon.

The fair flower of my love had been snatched from my grasp, and I held in lieu the foulness of the weed revenge. The "affair" was in the hands of another, and I rode slowly home dispirited and sad. At the dinner-table, I was sulky and silent; the events of the morning so completely absorbed my attention, that I filled my wine-glass from a decanter of brandy, and gulped it hastily down. I was unused to the force of ardent spirit; the fiery liquor burnt my young throat. I rose hastily, and in my agitation upset a large tureen full of bean soup into my landlady's lap, and deposited the contents of a red-hot chafing-dish on the silk dress of my left-hand neighbor.

Sneaking out of the parlor in the height of the confusion, I retired to my own room, and, placing a bottle of the best Bingham on the table, awaited the arrival of my friend Wilton. In a short time he burst joyously into my chamber.

"'I have done the deed,'" said he, "and to my entire satisfaction. 'Brutus is an honorable man.' He will fight you with much pleasure."

"Did he offer any explanation?" said I.

"Not a word, but behaved in a most gentlemanly manner. You did not tell me that he was a veteran officer, 'bearded like the pard, sudden and quick in quarrel.'"

"Who is he? What is his name?" said I.

"Major Kilmeny—just arrived. He smiled when I began to 'unfold my tale,' but we soon settled the when, the where, and the how. Day-break—in the meadow at the back of the old mill—eight paces—fire together."

"Who is to be his second?"

"He did not say. His groom, a fine fresh young fellow, who held my horse while I went up stairs, tells me that the major is a glorious shot. Knocks a sixpence off the edge of a wine-glass without cracking the crystal—kills a bee on the wing, with a pistol bullet, without injuring the honey bag. You are a lucky fellow."

"I am, indeed," said I, with a piteous sigh, and an alarming elongation of countenance.

"To have the honor of 'fleshing your maiden sword,' with a veteran of such chivalrous pretensions! What sort of a shot are you?"

"Never fired off a pistol in my life," said I.

"All the better. 'Chance may direct a surer aim.' One more glass of wine each, and then your 'pistols, powder, balls provide, with every thing beside;' we will adjourn to old Bunele's graveyard, and I'll give thee 'bloody instructions how to act.'"

The graveyard! it was an ominous choice of a place for practice. Harry's report of the stranger's prowess rather bothered me, and the honor of fighting a veteran, did not seem, in my unpractised eyes, a sufficient counterpoise to the danger I encountered.

"As we walk," said Wilton, "I wish to impress some doggerel lines upon your memory. They were taught me by an old Virginia colonel, and were considered orthodox when gentlemen fought duels, and Bowie knives were things that were not.

"'There is no shot like a low shot,
And a pop shot is a drop shot.'"

These few words contain a cyclopedia of wisdom! *There is no shot like a low shot*—fire high, and you must miss your man, particularly at a short distance. The shape of the butt, and the nature of the grasp, must raise the barrel from a level, unless intentionally depressed. *A pop shot is a drop shot*—the secret of success in duelling is simply this—fire first, and whether you hit your man or no, you disorder his aim, and that is fifty per cent. in your favor. Every sportsman knows that the first sight is the truest aim—therefore blaze away as soon as you cover your man with your muzzle."

We were amongst the gravestones. Wilton loaded the pistols, and pointing out an ugly cherubim, desired me to knock his nose off. I fired, but the bullet flew wide of the mark. Several succeeding attempts were equally futile.

"Halloo! 'thus bad begins but worse remains behind.' But it serves us right; we have no business to desecrate these memento-mories, or make these flying heads dance off by our ball practice. An hour's sharp shooting in a graveyard would make 'a nice derangement of epitaphs,' as Mrs. Malaprop says. This will be a fitter target."

Wilton picked up a piece of chalk or limestone, and on the black painted enclosure of the burial ground commenced drawing the outlines of a human figure.

"There—suppose this to be your rival. There are his broad shoulders, 'the front of Jove himself,' and there his bushy brain case—not forgetting his whiskers. By the way, I think it must be his whiskers that captivated your lady love's frail heart. I cannot see what else there is loveable about him, for he is on the shady side of fifty—in 'the winter of his discontent,' as I should say, and decidedly ill-looking."

"Most decidedly," said I. "In my opinion the most ill-looking man I ever saw."

"Then take better aim now, and crack his canister. Fire! Brave! Your bullet has gone into the thick of his left whisker. What would the bee-killer say if he saw that?"

"Its not much he'd want to say, any how," said a voice that I immediately recognised as belonging to the hero of the gooseberry bush. "I'm thinking that the spalpeen, wid the popgun in his fist, wouldn't be as asy in his aim, if the figure on the wall was only alive and kicking, and ready to pop a bullet in return."

My rival was standing within a few paces of us, leaning on a gravestone.

"Sure it's a mighty illigant pastime I've catched ye at. Firing at my shadow, and I close by. Will I walk round, and let you pop at me for an hour or so by way of rehearsal, or have you had enough shooting to stay your stomachs for the night? Ah, then, I see ye're not greedy, any way. I'll be wishing you a good evening till the morning; and hope ye'll excuse the remarks of 'an ill-looking fellow on the shady side of fifty.' If ye want amusement, ye pair of gossoons, just dig a grave, and I'll be bail it will be occupied before this time the morrow."

He left us with a low bow. Wilton and I stared at one another, perfectly ashamed of having been caught in practice of such deeds, and of the illiberal remarks in which we had freely indulged. The pistols were replaced in the case, and we walked silently home.

Bessy had been waiting, with a message from Mary, desiring me not to fail in calling upon her that night. I sent word that I would write to her, and decline further communication. Wilton left me, promising to rouse me at five in the morning.

I penned a long expostulatory epistle to the coquettish Mary, and kindly laid my death to her charge. A few family letters were scribbled—a short will and testament executed—and I went to bed. I mention these important affairs in a brief and familiar way, but I would not have to undergo such another evening's occupation for untold sums of gold. My mind was so agonized that I could not sleep. A doze of a few minutes' duration seemed drawn out to an age of torture. I dreamed of blood—of horrible wounds, and pangs of death. Ghastly faces crowded round my bed—my mother and my sister, with shrieks that seared my brain, were clawing my mangled body from the depths of a new-made grave; while Mary stood upon the brink, and laughed aloud. The sudden firing of a pistol-shot seemed to penetrate my heart, and roused me into consciousness. I dozed again—my soul had entered into the shape of a honey-bee, and I was flying distractedly through the air, endeavoring to escape from the shots of myriads of whiskered veterans who were firing at me with their pistols. I saw Mary sitting in her bower—I flew to her for protection—she killed me with her fan!

One dream was impressed so vividly upon my mind, that I was awake some minutes before I could convince myself that it was unreal. I dreamed that I had followed Wilton's advice, and had shot my rival dead before he could draw trigger. The hell of conscience was roused within me, and I knew that I had committed wilful murder. My rival's blood-stained countenance pursued me all my life, for I lived through ages in a moment's space. Visions of insulted justice haunted me—the court of law—the trial for life—the sentence—and the execution! I would not sleep that sleep again for less than certainty of Heaven's bliss!

Wilton found me in the morning nervous and unrefreshed. I started, as I gazed upon the reflection of my blood-shot eyes and haggard looks in the glass, and was afraid that my friend would observe them, and doubt my courage. But cowardice was not in my nature. My rival was a dead shot; I was an inexpert boy—a mere child—and life is ever precious to the young. I met my man upon the battle-field with a firm gait and an unblenching eye, but thoughts of home weighed heavily upon my heart.

My rival was on the ground before us. He was alone, but his groom was in sight.

"Ye'll excuse me then intirely, gintlemin, in regard to my second, seeing I'm a stranger in the place, and unbeknown'st to ye all; but, if I'm kilt, sure ye can keep ye're own secret; and if it's my luck to pop my little friend here off the hooks, sure I'll not be wanting a friend to help me. So place your man, sir, if you plase, and blaze away."

I thought this proceeding very much out of order, but Wilton bowed and obeyed. Eight paces were measured off, and I was placed opposite my rival.

"In regard to the tools, if it's all the same, will I use my own little barkers? they're more asy to the hitch of my hand, and I'll squib this fellow off that ye may see their loading."

A yellow bird was perched on the top of a mullen stalk some twenty paces to the left.—The major fired, and the bird was blown to atoms. Wilton and I exchanged glances.

"Now, Misthur Wilton—the word, if you plase, sir."

"One—two—three. Fire!"

I had resolved to discharge my pistol, as Wilton advised, with the utmost dispatch after the giving of the signal. But simultaneous with its utterance, I felt a smart tap on the top of my head, and knew that I was hit. I fired in return, but wide, very wide of my mark, and the major spread out his arm, as if to catch my errant ball. I threw down the pistol, and, knocking off my hat, put up my hands to my forehead, expecting to feel the trickling blood, but I was unable to discover the locality of my wound. Wilton ran to me, and said, with much agitation—

"You are hurt?"

"I am," said I, "but my head is so numbed by the blow that I cannot find the place."

"If it's the wound ye're looking for, plase to feel the felt."

Wilton picked up my hat, and in the front of the edge of the crown we discovered a round hole. The bullet had passed completely through, singeing the lining of the crown, and, of course, had gone within a couple of inches of my skull, but luckily had not touched it.

"And a bad shot, too," said the major; "but better luck next time. If ye've another barker convenient, we'll proceed wid our popping, as I'm in a trifle of a hurry, fearing lest I'll keep the breakfast waiting."

Wilton handed me another pistol. "He has not asked you to apologize," said my friend with a heavy sigh, "and you have no way of getting out of the scrape, unless I plead the irregularity of having but one second, and object to proceed."

"It would now be sheer cowardice," said I; "we must go on—the next shot will settle it, I have no doubt."

We resumed our stations. Wilton had given the word "one"—when a piercing shriek distracted our attention; and Mary, rushing from behind the hill, threw herself—not into my arms, but round the major's neck. When I beheld her staggering across the field, I had lowered my pistol, and my heart warmed towards the disconsolate maiden; but when her white round arms encircled the swarthy form of my antagonist, and her fair cheek rested against his whiskered face, I felt that I could kill the object of her affections, and rejoice in her despair.

"Oh, uncle, do not harm him! you promised me not to resent his conduct. Do not kill him, dearest Uncle Terence—for I love him—dearly love him."

The weapon of death dropped harmlessly upon the ground! It was a fact! she was hanging round the neck of her uncle to intercede for my safety—for the safety of him she dearly loved. In a moment, we were in one another's arms. The veteran was Terence Kilmeny, her mother's brother. He had fought his way to rank and competency, and had sought out his only remaining relative, his sister's child, and in her society wished to pass the end of his pilgrimage. Mary had just told him about our mutual love, when I so rudely disturbed them in the garden; and he was arranging plans for our future happiness at the very instant I pushed him amongst the gooseberry bushes.

The old soldier could not resist the chance of a good joke. He accepted my challenge, but did not intend to meet me; my miserable firing in the graveyard resolved him to risk receiving a shot; and as he could make sure of his aim to the utmost nicety, he determined to frighten me by firing in return.

I need not tell the end of this affair, which took place some years ago. My eldest daughter, Mary, is the doll-like miniature of her mother; my boy Terence is sitting on the knee of his great uncle, and listening to one of his many stories of distant lands and days long past. Wilton stood godfather yesterday to my last born son, Harry; and we had a hearty laugh in the evening over a reminiscence of MY FIRST FIGHT.

Pictures of Life.

THE PENALTIES OF GUILT:

OR,

THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

CHAPTER I.

"My boy! Henry, I cannot leave my boy!" Such were the words, wildly repeated over and over again (as if they contained all the reasoning or argument of which she was capable) uttered by Madeline Wentworth, as she sat convulsively sobbing, her face buried in her hands, and her whole frame shaking with a paroxysm of despairing grief. By her side stood a handsome, sickly-looking man, on whose pale brow more perplexity than sympathy was visible, and who seemed impatiently waiting till the fit should subside sufficiently to enable her to hear him. Twice his lips parted, and his arm fell from the marble mantel-piece where he had been leaning, and twice he relinquished the attempt to soothe that misery of which he was at once the cause and the witness. At length the tempest ceased; the weary head sank back on his arm, and the weary eyes looked up to his in melancholy silence, as if hoping for counsel.

"Madeline! my beloved Madeline, calm yourself; believe me, I have not a selfish wish or thought concerning you. If you find you cannot, after all, make up your mind to take a decided step; if the society of your child can make such a home bearable, remain in it; I would not press you to do aught for which hereafter you might reproach me. It is not for the sake of my own wild dream of happiness—to see those sweet eyes shining upon me through the long day—to hear those sweet lips welcome me ever on my return to our home with words of tenderness—to be able to call you mine—my own, that I have urged this measure upon you. It is because my heart is bursting at all that you endure; your tears, your complaints have maddened me.

"If I could know you away, safe from the brutality of the man to whom you have been sacrificed—if I could know you at peace, I should be happy, though I were doomed never to see your face again! Did not your own letter bring me to your side? that letter so full of love and of despair, that, surrounded as I was by fools and chatterers, I could not repress the groan that burst from my lips as I read it! Did not your own promise embolden me to make arrangements for your departure while *he* was absent? and now, my Madeline, weakened by momentary agitation, you would relinquish plans which have been the work of months to contrive. You have a home so wretched, that life seems scarce worth having on such terms; a man whose temper and character are so well known, that the harshest of condemning tongues will speak your name in pity and sorrow; and even those whispers," said Henry Marchmont, eagerly, as she shrank from his side—"even those whispers you shall not hear. We will go to Italy, to Spain, to the wilds of America, where you will, so that we forget all but our own love, our own existence.

"Your child—nay, hear me without weeping, Madeline; hear me, and *then* decide, (you have still the power to decide on remaining.) Your child will not be left desolate—an only son—the heir to a peerage. Do you think that ambition and self-interest will not watch him with as careful a solicitude as your own, if not with the same tenderness? Do you think that the boastful spirit of Lionel Wentworth will suffer the guards of his future prosperity to slumber? Even if the father had no father's feeling, he would foster and cherish his brother's heir.

"Lord Wentworth has paid his debts, settled an annuity upon him, and shown more apparent kindness than ever he evinced, till the birth of your boy gave a hope of continuing the title and estates in a direct line. Their whole souls are centred in that child; and you, my Madeline, you would relinquish my love, and drag on a life of wretchedness for a vain shadow—the hope of devoted affection, from that little being whose first few years are all that ever can be yours. You think of your infant child; but will the boy at Eton, who neither sees nor comprehends your love or your sorrow; will the youth at college, who considers a week at home a tax on his holidays; will the heir presumptive to the Wentworth property, finishing his education on the continent, and rarely writing you a hurried letter—will *he* be so great a comfort, so dear a pleasure, as to counterbalance all this lonely misery? Will there not be hours, days, years, when you may regret the love that could only end with life; that love which would have haunted your steps like a shadow, and given a new youth to your withering days?"

Madeline Wentworth left her home, her child, her husband, and learnt that there is no misery like the curse of remorse—no tears so bitter as those in which self-reproach is mingled. It was all true that Henry Marchmont had averred; true that her husband was selfish, brutal, violent; true that many had pitied her for being his wife; true that her boy was the spoilt idol of calculating hearts, in a family where there were no heirs; true that her lover was devoted to her, heart and soul; but which of all these truths quenched the agony of her heart, when, as they sat together, awaiting the arrival of dinner at a comfortless inn on the road, the sunset hour brought to her mind a picture she never again was to witness!—a picture of that little rosy head hushed to its innocent and early rest, with the white curtains drawn close round it to mellow the evening light, and herself bending tenderly, cautiously, silently above it; to print the gentle kiss, and breathe the whispered blessing of a mother's good night! It rose—it grew more and more distinct—that imagined scene; and as her head sank on her clasped and quivering hands, and the thought flashed through her brain that it might lisp her name on the morning, or wail for a sight of her familiar face, and be checked by harsh and angry voices, Henry Marchmont's presence, and Henry Marchmont's caress, had no power to check the bitter exclamation—"My child! my forsaken child!"

Years passed away—five years, whose comparative happiness might have stifled the voice of self-reproach in Madeline Wentworth's heart. Divorced from the man she hated; married to him she loved, watched, shielded, worshipped, and the mother of two beautiful children; might she not dream that Heaven's justice slept, or that for *her* there seemed so many excuses, that her crime was judged more mercifully than that of others? She was spared most of the common miseries of her situation. She had not to bewail the inconsistency or growing coldness of the being for whose sake she had forfeited the love and esteem of all beside. She had not to endure the mortification which the scorn of the more prudent could inflict; for no wounded bird ever crept away more wearily to die, than Madeline shrank from human notice. She had not to struggle with hardship and poverty, after having been accustomed to all the comforts and superfluities of a luxurious home.

Henry Marchmont was well off; his uncle's estates and baronetcy were to be his, and not only *his*, but would descend to his boy. She was spared even that misery, that too well-known misery—the consciousness that the innocent were to suffer for *her* sin—her children were not illegitimate. Of the one she had left, accounts were transmitted from time to time, during the first few months which had followed her departure, through the means of the nurse, who was sincerely attached both to the child and its mother; but afterwards Madeline had the sorrow to learn, that this woman had been sent away by Mr. Wentworth, when he discovered that she communicated with her late mistress, and that her boy was placed under the care of a stranger, who neither knew her love nor felt for her sorrow.

Anxiously Madeline used to glean the vague reports which, from time to time, reached her of the well-being of this precious charge. Eagerly, when they received English newspapers, did she read over and over again the few words in the Morning Post which announced the annual departure of her former husband for his brother's country seat:—"The Hon. Lionel Wentworth *and family* for Wentworth Park." How often did her eyes peruse and re-peruse that sentence, and fancy that it contained intelligence of the *life*, at least, of her little one!

Once only she obtained fuller information, though from the same common-place source. As her glance wandered over the columns of the Gazette, she was struck by a passage headed "Miraculous Escape." The names were familiar to her; with a flushed cheek and beating heart she read the brief account of "an accident which had nearly proved fatal to the son of the Hon. Lionel Wentworth, a promising child, aged three years." The nurse was lifting him on the rails of the balcony to see a cavalcade of gentlemen on horseback, when he suddenly slipped from her hold, and fell on the pavement below. It was at first supposed that he was killed, but, on examination, he was found to have escaped without even a bruise! In the agony of her feelings, Madeline wrote to Mr. Wentworth, beseeching of him to write but a single line, or even commission another to tell her whether the report in the newspaper were true, and whether the child had suffered any injury.

To this appeal no answer was returned; and the next certain intelligence that reached her was the account of the marriage of Mr. Wentworth with a Mrs. Pole, a widow, whose restless spirit and love of meddling had, as Madeline well remembered, been the cause of much and serious discomfort in her home. Her boy—her gentle and lovely little Frank, was now under the control, and dependent on the caprice of a stepmother! This was an unexpected blow. Mr. Wentworth was no longer young when she herself had been induced to accept him, and she had never anticipated having a successor. The event would perhaps have made a stronger impression upon her, but for one which overwhelmed her with anguish, and occupied every feeling: Henry Marchmont broke a blood-vessel.

No paroxysm of passion—no previous illness—no excessive exertion—gave any apparent cause for this terrible and sudden catastrophe. Mr. Marchmont's friends vainly inquired of each other "how Henry had contrived to bring on this attack?" Those appealed to shook their heads—some attributed it to anxiety of mind—some to natural delicacy of constitution: all that was certain was that he *had* burst a blood-vessel and that he was to die.

He was to die! the graceful gifted being, with whom, in the blindness of human hope, she had looked forward to a life of tranquil comfort—of devoted love,—for whom, in the blindness of human passion, she had deserted the ties that first bound her, and the station to which she belonged. How often had they vowed that years should pass away and find them unchanged towards each other—how often had they talked over the decline of their days, spent in retirement and cheerful affection;—and Henry had grown eager as he spoke of a residence in England, when, as Lady Marchmont, she would be enabled to occupy herself in acts of charity and kindness to the poor on his estate; and, forgotten by the great, feel, that sinner as she was, her name was announced by many an humble lip in their evening prayers.

Those hopes were over. The decree had gone forth which none could reverse. The heart whose love had so planned and parcelled out her future, was to be chilled and senseless in the grave ere a few more brief months completed the seventh year of their union; and Madeline was to be left alone! Oh, never knelt enthusiast or saint before Heaven with a soul full of more agonised fervor than the wretched wife of Henry Marchmont:—she prayed—not as they pray who have been taught to murmur words of supplication as a duty, and repeat them with scarcely a faint consciousness of their need of the blessings solicited. Her prayer was such as burst from the fasting David's lips when the child of his sin was taken from him—wild—earnest—spoken with pale and quivering lips—with swollen and streaming eyes—and such it well might be, for she prayed for *his* life!

It was at the dawn of a bright warm day, at a beautiful villa near Nice, and Madeline had just returned to her husband's room, which she had only quitted to bathe and dress after the long night's weary watch. He called her in a more animated tone than usual; and she bent over him with sorrowful affection. "Madeline," said he, "this is our wedding-day." Madeline started; it was the first of those loved anniversaries which had not been foreseen by both—and for which they had not provided some trifling token of mutual regard: the tears rose to her eyes. "You shall do me a service," said her husband; "you want air—it will give you strength—strength to sit by me—(you see what a selfish fellow I am!) take the children, and go into the little pony chaise and buy me an inkstand; I want to write a long letter; and an inkstand shall be your gift for to-day." She obeyed, though her heart trembled at leaving him even for an hour; she dared not contradict his whim even by requesting permission to stay.

She wept as she besought his servant not to quit the ante-room during her absence; and the man wondered why she should be more anxious and depressed on that day than on any other. She wept as she entered the nursery, and bid her little boy and girl prepare to accompany her, and the children wondered she could feel sad on such a bright and beautiful morning; she wept, as in an almost inarticulate voice she desired the *bijoutier* to produce the prettiest of the articles she was commissioned to purchase, and the curiosity and surprise visible in the man's countenance reminded her of the necessity of appearing composed. She had no mother—no sister—no virtuous and sympathizing friend, to whom she could unburthen her grief; to whom she could say:—"It may be the last gift I shall ever present to Henry—the last 10th of October I shall ever spend in his company!"

She hurried home and stole to her husband's apartment. He was sleeping on the sofa by the little reading table; a letter, folded but not directed, lay by him; and the materials for writing were scattered on the table. She inquired of the servant, and learnt that, after writing the letter, Marchmont had rung for a taper and some sealing wax, but that when the man returned with them, his master had sunk back in a deep sleep, from which he had taken care not to disturb him. Madeline sighed, and again sought her husband's dressing-room. One hour—two—three passed away, and still that sleeping head preserved its position, and still, [illegible] unhappy woman kept watch by his side. At length a feverish start on the part of the sick man roused her; the shadowy blue eyes opened and gazed kindly upon her, and a broken sigh indicated that he was awake and conscious.

"Henry, love, here is your inkstand; how are you?" murmured Madeline, in a low voice. She smiled, too, as she said it; the fitful, struggling smile which bears so close a resemblance to sunshine on an April day. But the dying man did not reply; eagerly and wildly he gazed at her, and then seizing the letter, he directed it, "To Sir Henry Marchmont, Bart." A few hours closed the scene.

The sun that rose the morning after that wedding-day, saw Madeline Marchmont a heart-broken, lonely widow, and the gazette which contained the announcement of her husband's death, also told of the birth of twin-sons, born to the Hon. Lionel Wentworth, by the former Mrs. Pole. In his will, Henry Marchmont left his wife sole guardian of his two children; sole inheritor of his property; but he expressed a wish that in the event of his uncle's offering any advice on the disposal of the former, that Mrs. Marchmont should endeavor to comply; that his boy should be educated in England; and that the letter he was then intending to write to Sir Henry should be forwarded immediately after his death. His desire was duly obeyed, and his uncle read as follows:—

MY DEAR UNCLE,

From my earliest boyhood to the day I left England I can recall nothing on your part but kindness and generosity; to that kindness, to that generosity, a dying man makes his last appeal. I leave one behind me (God comfort her!) more desolate than ever is the lot of woman under such circumstances. I leave her alone—unprotected—and that one thought is all that embitters my last moments. I know what you thought, what you said at the time she left Mr. Wentworth. I do not defend our mutual sin (though I believe and hope there will be mercy for both;) but I *do* intreat of you to believe that hers is not a vicious mind. I *do* implore of you to receive her, not as the divorced Mrs. Wentworth, but as my fond, true, and patient wife; as one who watched me in sickness and cherished me in health; as the devoted mother of my innocent children. In this hope I die—die without seeing again the home, or the friends of old days; and my last words are—do not, oh! do not cast *her* off, for the sake of the nephew who played round your knees when a child, who now, for the last time, languidly and painfully signs himself,

Your affectionate
HENRY MARCHMONT.

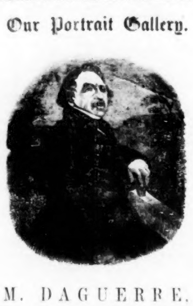
CHAPTER II.

The news of Henry Marchmont's death arrived at the same time as the foregoing letter. The old man to whom it was addressed crushed it between his hands and groaned aloud. He had, then, outlived his heir—his handsome, high-spirited nephew was no more! such an event seemed more like a dream than reality; and he was forced to read the intelligence again and again before he could persuade himself of its truth; and again and again as he read it did exclamations of sorrow burst from his lips, mingled with many a vow of protection and assistance to those whom Henry had left behind him.

Again was Madeline spared the common addition to a sorrow like hers. Where another might have met with scorn and silence she found warmth and welcome. A kindly and condoling letter reached her by the first post, offering a residence at Marchmont Park to herself and the children as long as would be convenient to her. There was indeed one sentence in it which cut her to the heart—a vague, slight, but evidently anxious allusion to the possibility of her hereafter forming other ties, and a hope that, if she remained abroad, she would suffer the children occasionally to visit one who would always be a father to them.

Rich, still young, and still most beautiful, it was perhaps natural that the thought of her marrying again should strike Sir Henry Marchmont's mind, and that the loneliness of his old age should make him anxious to secure the affection and society of those whom years might perhaps estrange entirely from their unknown relation. Madeline was not long deciding. At Marchmont Park, the scene of so many visions which now might never be realised, she felt she *could* not live; but she felt, also, for her children's sake it would be most unwise to receive with coldness the late and long-delayed offer of reconciliation and kindness from her beloved Henry's uncle. She wrote humbly, gratefully, and after expressing her own intention of remaining abroad till her daughter's education should be completed, she told him that her boy should be sent immediately to England; that it was her wish he should be placed at Eton; but that in all plans for his future welfare, she would be guided entirely by Sir Henry's opinion; and desired that her little Frederick's holidays might be spent with him.

Our Portrait Gallery.



M. DAGUERRE,
INVENTOR OF THE DAGUERREOTYPE.

With tears and blessings Frederick was accordingly confided to the care of an English officer, who was returning to England after burying an only daughter in the spot where they had promised him that health should again bloom on her cheek and sparkle in her eye; and with tears and blessings he was received into the new home that was prepared for him; and, too young for school, remained the plaything and idol of his grand uncle, the old housekeeper, and a circle of tenants and dependents who seemed to have no other theme for praise, or object for flattery.

At length Madeline Marchmont wrote to the old baronet, expressing her intention of revisiting England, as he had repeatedly pressed her during the last two or three years, anxious, as he said, to give Gertrude, her daughter, of whose beauty he had heard many rumors in spite of the retirement in which she lived, an opportunity of marrying in her native country. It was with many a sigh of [illegible] recollection, and dread of the new future opening upon her, that Mrs. Marchmont consented to undergo the trial of seeing her pretty Gertrude taken about by careless relations, or perhaps unnoticed and uninvited because of her mother's fault.

Gentle and irresolute, always oppressed with the consciousness of her early disgrace, and morbidly afraid of losing the affections of her children, Madeline had made the most weakly indulgent, and perhaps the most ill-judging, of parents, to a boy and girl who particularly required control and discipline. Wild, proud, and ungovernable, was the beautiful little Frederick she sent to his grand uncle ten years since, and from whom she had only had two short visits, which served to show that he still was what she remembered him in infancy; and wild, proud, and ungovernable, was the handsome lad who sprang forward and bounded down the steps of Marchmont House to welcome her arrival and that of his sister. Gertrude was still more completely a spoilt child, for boys at school and lads at college *must* find their level; and Henry had soon discovered that though heir to a baronetcy, and supplied profusely with pocket money, he was not the only great man in the world; but Gertrude, at sixteen, only felt that she was a beauty and her mother's idol.

A word of contradiction roused all the violence of her nature; and Sir Henry, as he gazed on the pale, meek face of his nephew's widow, would turn and wonder whether she were indeed the parent of the slight, fairy-like being whose fits of passion half shocked, half amused him, as he watched her dark blue eye flash fire, and her delicate nostril dilate with rage.

As their situation became more clear to them, these young people became even more uncertain and irritable in their tempers. Frederick felt the mortifications which from time to time even the flattered Gertrude had to endure, though neither gout nor fatigue prevented Sir Henry from escorting her himself to a ball or party, when he could find no chaperone sufficiently worthy in his eyes to take charge of her. The history of her mother's elopement was of course soon known to Gertrude Marchmont, and the knowledge embittered her feelings and removed the only barrier to the confidence that existed between the brother and sister; for Frederick had been taunted with his mother's frailty, while a boy at school.

The thoughtlessness and selfishness of youth were pre-eminently displayed by the two children of the unhappy Mrs. Marchmont. She had never had the courage to tell them of her fault, nor even after she was aware they knew it, had she in any way recurred to it. She had never, when some angry word from Gertrude had cut her to the soul, said, "My heart is already breaking; do not afflict me further." Accustomed from the first to have something to conceal, she hid even her tears from them; and often, when the resemblance of Frederick to his father struck her more forcibly than usual, and thoughts how ill that father, who had never frowned upon her, would have brooked the angry looks and angry words she had to bear from his son, she would retire to the solitude of her own chamber and weep, and wish that she were laid beside him in the grave.

Gertrude, too; her pretty Gertrude! the days were past when the little fat white-shouldered toddling thing came to be kissed and taken on her knee; her daughter was a woman now; an angry woman; and they stood together, the wronger and the wronged. So at least deemed the ill-governed offspring of Henry Marchmont; they felt their own mortification—their own disgrace; but no thought of *her* love, and *her* sorrow, no pity for her early widowhood—her lonely life—her devotion to themselves, to their father, crossed their minds; they felt angrily and coldly at times towards her, and took no pains to conceal these feelings.

Often was the timidly offered caress peevishly evaded by the daughter; and Madeline felt more desolate while seated with her two grown-up children, than when, stealing away unquestioned and unregretted, she wandered through the beautiful avenues of Marchmont Park, dreaming of the love of her early youth, and the curly-headed smiling infants who then seemed such certain sources of pleasure and happiness.

At such times as these it is not to be supposed that she could forget one of whom she had heard little, but for news of whom her restless spirit always pined—the one who had "first woke *the mother* in her heart"—her forsaken child! He lived—that she knew; but she longed to gaze upon him, unloved, unremembered as she must be, even by *him*, to trace the changes time had made in that sweet face, and hear the voice whose unforgotten tones could barely lisp the word mother, when she abandoned him.

On one of the very few occasions on which Mrs. Marchmont could be persuaded to leave home when Sir Henry struggled through Gertrude's spring in London, they all proceeded together to the opera; Madeline was passionately fond of music, and there, where she could be herself unseen, unheard, she enjoyed having pointed out to her Gertrude's favorite partners, or rival beauties, and listening to the passionate melody of Pasta's voice.

The curtain had just fallen, and Mrs. Marchmont was taking a survey of the theatre, when she was struck by the countenance of a young man in one of the boxes immediately opposite—it was singularly, divinely handsome, though something effeminate and suffering in its expression made it perhaps less pleasant to gaze on than a common observer would have deemed. Such as it was, however, it rivetted the attention of Madeline, which Gertrude no sooner perceived, than she observed, carelessly, "that young man has been watching you all the evening whenever you bent forward to see the opera."

Mrs. Marchmont started and shrunk back out of sight, nor did she change her position throughout the remainder of the performance.

As they hurried through the crowd in the round-room, Gertrude whispered to her brother, "There is Hugh Everton, Lord Everton's brother. I wish I could speak to him; it is so tiresome! I never can stay a moment in this room the nights mamma goes to the opera."

Madeline overheard the whisper, and the tears rose to her eyes—it was very—very seldom—she accompanied her child to this single place of amusement. It had been a pleasure to her, and she thought—she hoped, it was a pleasure to Gertrude. Alas! even these few evenings were grudged by the selfish object of her affection. She gently disengaged her arm from that of Frederick, and had the melancholy satisfaction of hearing Gertrude's silver laugh as she joined in young Hugh Everton's jests, and knowing that she had afforded her this unexpected pleasure by leaving the brother and sister unencumbered by the mother's presence.—She stood alone, miserable, shrinking, awaiting the return of Sir Henry, who was receiving from his servant the agreeable intelligence, that one of the horses appeared too ill to take them home.

She was close to the doorway, and leaned against it to avoid the pressure of the crowd, and as the subsiding tears allowed her again to see distinctly the objects round her, she was struck by perceiving the identical face whose beauty had fascinated her in the boxes, opposite the place where she was standing.—He was still regarding her intently, and in the mood in which Gertrude's whisper had thrown her, she thought there was insult in this obstinate notice. She returned a haughty and angry look in answer to his air of scrutiny, and moved forward to take Sir Henry's arm, who just then appeared. The young man turned very pale, as if seized with sudden faintness, and placing his hand on the rails of the stairs, he descended them on the opposite side to that she took with her uncle. It was then for the first time she perceived the young stranger was lame; and his feeble but not ungraceful figure roused again in her heart the same strange mixture of interest and pain, which she had felt in the previous part of the evening.

As they severally prepared to retire after their return home, Madeline could not resist the curiosity which prompted her to inquire of her son the name of the young man, who had so pertinaciously watched her. Frederick "did not know, but could easily find out," and wishing her the usual good night, left the apartment.

Gertrude followed him, and Madeline was preparing to accompany her, when old Sir Henry, laying his had on her arm, said:—"Is it possible, my dear Mrs Marchmont, that you are not aware that you do not know ——."

He paused, for the sick thrill that drove the blood from Madeline's heart left her cheek ashy pale. "Is it he?" gasped she, inarticulately.

"It is Mr. Wentworth," said the Baronet sorrowfully, for he hated to hear even the name of Madeline's former husband.

"Holy Heaven!" murmured Mrs. Marchmont, as she sank on a chair; "but that lameness?—my boy is a cripple—a complete cripple."

"I believe it was a fall," said Sir Henry.—And Madeline remembered the "miraculous escape" of the newspapers, which had so agonized her at the time. The next morning a note was brought her. It ran as follows:—

"Mother!—I saw you last night, and you saw me, though you treated me as a stranger. But that was in public—you shrank from me—you frowned on me before others, while you were with your other children, while strangers watched you; but, alone, mother, *alone*, would you spurn the child of your youth? I have never forgotten you. I think I should have known your face, though so pale last night.—I am sure I should have known your voice; it has haunted me from my infancy till now, and no other has ever sounded so sweet to me.—Oh! mother, see me! I am a weak, low-spirited creature; but I feel as if it would give me a new soul to feel conscious that there was one human being that really loved me. My father has never loved me—my step-mother grudges the place I hold as something her children are cheated of, and the love which others win, will never be bestowed on a deformed cripple. I am alone in the world—comfort me—comfort me, mother. I do not expect you to love me as well as those (blessed and happy children!) who have spent their lives with you; but something—*something* you will grant me, for the memory of the days when I was your only one. Write to me—tell me I may see you, and when and how, and let me hear your voice once more."

Madeline read the note and laughed hysterically. The bitter words and scornful speeches of Frederick and Gertrude rose in contrast to her memory. The day she left her home seemed but as yesterday, and once again her lips burst forth with passionate sorrow—"My child!—my forsaken child!"

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

A Capital Satire.

"A FABLE FOR CRITICS."

A cut-and-thrust little work has made its appearance in New York, with the above title, purporting to come "from the tub of Diogenes." J. R. Lowell is undoubtedly the author. It cannot be "anybody else." Here is a taste of its quality:

"There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and cholicky crop;
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it;
A man who's made less than he might have, because
He always has thought himself more than he was—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre out by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves,
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves;
Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star;
He has so much muscle and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet,
And, to show he could leap Art's wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clean o'er it, and into the hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's nothing about him in keeping;
One gets surelier onward by walking than leaping;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late,
Could he only have waited he might have been great,
But he plumped into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddied the stream ere he took his first taste."

The reader will by this time become *ravenous* for more; so *apropos!*—

"There comes Poe with his raven, like Barnaby Rudge,
Three-fifths of him genius and two-fifths sheer fudge,
Who talks like a book of iambs and pentameters,
In a way to make people of common sense damn metres,
Who has written some things quite the best of their kind,
But the heart somehow seems all squeezed out by the

A well-known reviewer and theological controversialist is thus sketched:

"Close behind him is Brownson, his mouth very full,
With attempting to gulp a Gregorian bull;
Who contrives, spite of that to pour out as he goes
A stream of transparent and forcible prose;
He shifts quite about, then proceeds to expound
That 'tis merely the earth, not himself, that turns round,
And wishes it clearly impressed on your mind,
That the weather-cock rules and not follows the wind;
Proving first, then as deftly confuting each side,
With no doctrine pleased that's not somewhere denied,
He lays the denier away on the shelf,
And then—down beside him lies gravely himself.
He's the Salt River boatman, who always stands willing
To convey friend or foe without charging a shilling,
And so fond of the trip, that, when leisure's to spare,
He'll row himself up, if he can't get a fare."

We conclude with the following running comparison between Emerson and Carlyle, which is exceedingly terse and descriptive:

"There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and style,
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer,
Carlyle's the more burly, but E. is the rarer;
He sees fewer objects, but clearlier, truelier,
If C.'s is original, E.'s more peculiar;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim;
The one's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek,
Where the one's most abounding, the other's to seek;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E.'s specialities gain if enlarged by the glass;
C. gives Nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in the mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common sense;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every day;
C. draws all his characters quite *a la* Fuseli,—
He don't sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy—
But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem nothing but bundles of muscles and thews;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines strait and severe,
And a colorless outline, but full, round, and clear;—
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words.
C. labors to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from there of his actions and men;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted."

THE VALUE OF TEARS IN THE PROGNOSIS OF THE DISEASES OF CHILDREN.

Trousseau affirms that when a child cries the disease is not very grave; that when it does not cry, its disease is very grave. This he thinks may be regarded as an aphorism. If the child cries, it will recover; if it does not cry, it is very seriously ill. Although there are exceptions to this rule, still they are so rare that the physician should hold it in very sacred esteem.

If you are called to a child, who up to that time had cried, and who does not cry when you vex it, if its eyes become suddenly dry and sunken in the orbits, look out for a very grave disease of some kind; you will rarely be deceived unless, as some times happens, the child never cries naturally, and there are those of this kind. On the other hand, when you have detected snuffle and dullness in the chest, when you have discovered hypertorphy in the liver or spleen, tympanitis; if you see the child shed a few tears, let your prognosis be favorable, it is the sign of early convalescence in almost every instance. The sign is of value until the seventh year, when it ceases to be important. In the two first years, and especially in the first, it is almost invariably true. After the first year it is less to be relied on, and gradually diminishes in worth every year till the seventh, when, as I have said, it becomes valueless. In serious operations on children, not for external diseases, but for affections, which although local, give rise to very grave symptoms, as croup, for instance, I have never seen a child cry under the bistoury. The little beings suffer, but without weeping; and when, some days after, I see them shedding tears, I rejoice; and when they do not weep, I predict an unfortunate termination, which is nearly always realized.—*Dr. Yandell, in Western Medical Journal.*

THERE CANNOT be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then betray it.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

☞ *This Paper contains from one-fourth to one half more than the generality of Two Dollar City Weeklies.* ☜

The Publishers of the Saturday Evening Post would respectfully call the attention of the public to their long established paper. The POST is now a paper of the very largest size; only one other paper in the country being, it is believed, of equal dimensions. It is nearly entirely filled with carefully chosen Original and Selected Tales, Sketches, Moral Essays, Biographies, Scientific Notices, Agricultural Information, News, Editorial Remarks, and Miscellaneous Matter of all kinds calculated to instruct and amuse.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR and **GRACE GREENWOOD** are regular Correspondents of the POST.—The letters of the former are beautifully written; while those of the latter are universally allowed, by the best judges, to be equal in wit, sprightliness, and general intellectual force and vigor, to the best productions in a line in which gifted women are apt to excel.

T. S. ARTHUR and other writers of merit, are also engaged as regular contributors. We have now a thrilling story, or rather Novellette, on hand from Mr. Arthur, which we expect to publish before many months, called "THE CHILD STEALER." Another Story, called "HENRY BENSON, OR THE EVENTS OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS," by R. PHIPPS, Esq., is also waiting a favorable opportunity. Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS likewise has a Story in hand for the readers of the POST.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

In addition to the vast store of reading matter, we give nearly every week one or more PORTRAITS OF DISTINGUISHED MEN, or Pictures of an interesting character. In the course of the last year, we have given Portraits of Lamartine, Ledru Rollin, Dupont de L'Eure, Odillon Barrot, Cavaignac, Thiers, Guizot, Arago, Gen. Greene, Gen. Twiggs, Gen. Knox, Mitchell, (the Irish Patriot,) Smith O'Brien, T. F. Meagher, Louis Blanc, Capt. Marryat, late Archbishop of Paris, Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Archduke John of Germany, the President of Sicily, &c., &c., &c., besides numerous attractive Pictures of various descriptions.

NEWS, THE MARKETS, &c.

We shall always endeavor to lay the latest News before our readers. Our BANK NOTE LIST is *corrected weekly*, and a full and accurate account of the MARKETS, SALES OF STOCKS, &c., also weekly given. These Departments are made up from the most reliable sources.

A MORAL PAPER.

We shall be especially careful to maintain for the POST an unblemished name; so that parents may unhesitatingly put it into the hands of the younger members of their households—while, in the Editorial columns, we shall ever war, as heretofore, with the immoral publications of the day.

NEUTRALITY.

The POST is NEUTRAL in Politics, and free from all sectarian bias in religion. But it does not interpret neutrality to mean *deadness*; knowing that sensible readers would rather run the risk of having their "corns" trodden on occasionally, than that their weekly visiter should fail in spirit, liveliness and mental vigor.

FINALLY.

The POST is determined to keep the lead it has taken in the Newspaper world. It has the advantage of possessing the largest kind of a Subscription List, of the best quality, *and it will not be surpassed by any rival.* Whatever others may *promise*, the POST will not be outstripped when it comes to *performance*.

TERMS.

The terms to single subscribers are $2.00 per annum, in advance; $3.00, if not paid in advance.—For $5.00 in advance, one copy will be sent 3 years.

TERMS TO CLUBS.

In order to accommodate the large number who wish to take a first class paper, but mistakingly think they cannot afford it, we continue the following low terms for Clubs—to be sent, in the city, to one address; and, in the country, to one Post Office:

4 COPIES,		$5.00	"
8 "	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the club)	$10.00	"
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A PREMIUM.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post, during the year between the 1st of November, 1848, and the 1st of November, 1849, (the papers to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions *gratuitously*, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The papers will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agents through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the package or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

Salem, Ohio, took the premium last year, with only 129 subscribers.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk—(When the sum is large, a draft should be procured if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.) Address,

DEACON & PETERSON, NO. 66 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

N. B.—Any person desirous of receiving a copy of the POST, as a sample, can be accommodated by notifying the Publishers by letter, *post paid*.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Saturday Post.—We have to congratulate our friends Edmund Deacon & Henry Peterson, upon the elegant appearance of their enlarged paper, which is now the very pearl of the literary weeklies. The literary reputation of the Saturday Post is widely known, and its circulation has been steadily increasing. It has our sincerest good wishes for its success, *for we think it has done much towards correcting the taste of the newspaper reading public.—Phila. North American and United States Gazette.*

The Saturday Evening Post *is now the best paper of the kind that comes under our observation.—Franklin Democrat, Greenfield, Mass.*

We have always considered the Post as one of the best of papers, filled with good reading, and not the trash with which a number of the city papers abound.—*Chicopee Telegraph.*

The original and selected articles of the Post are *generally better than those in any other paper.* If any of our readers want the best general weekly in the country, we say subscribe for the *Post.—Syracuse Democrat.*

The Post may justly be called the handsomest, best, and cheapest paper in the United States.—*Niagara Bee.*

One of the regular excellencies of this paper consists in the high moral tone running through its editorials and selections, which make it a valuable fireside companion.—*Centre Democrat.*

The Post always ranked among the best family newspapers of the country, and now that it is decidedly the largest and most handsome, will soon take the lead of its contemporaries.—*Reading (Pa.) Gazette.*

The Post is one of the few literary papers of the day, in the columns of which discrimination is made as to the moral character and tendency of the literary matter published.—*Allegheny County Advocate.*

Although the Post was, before its enlargement, the best family paper in our exchange list, and in fact the best one we know of, still we think it has been greatly improved. The dress of the paper cannot well be surpassed; its typographical appearance is clear and bold. We have no hesitation in saying that the Post is decidedly *the best and cheapest weekly paper published.—Catskill (N. Y.) Messenger.*

The Post came to us last week enlarged *eight mammoth columns*, and looking most splendid! There is no question but that it is the best family newspaper published in Philadelphia.—*Northern Democrat, Montrose, Pa.*

We repeat the expression of our opinion that the Post is the best paper of its class in Philadelphia.—*Perma Republican, Yard, Pa.*

Saturday Evening Post.—This old and splendid weekly has recently been enlarged to the genuine mammoth size, has acquired strength and spirit since its enlargement, and is now one of the raciest and most original Weeklies ever issued in the United States, or the world. The amount and variety of talent employed on its columns, when we consider its extremely low price, is really surprising. The number for the present week is spicy with wit and sparkling with genius.—*Philada. Sun.*

Saturday Evening Post.—Not the least interesting portion of this paper to us, is to be found in its editorials, which are always written with ability, a fearless frankness in regard to the right, and an utter disregard of the world's wrong opinions, which mark a mind well-balanced and true. The Post keeps a steady march in the way of increase of subscribers, as we know—a success it well deserves from its own merits.—*North American and United States Gazette.*

As a family journal, it is surpassed by none with which we are acquainted.—*Independent Delawarean.*

Varieties.

A Certain Son.—Two persons, travellers, met in a tavern, not far from this borough, the other night, to remain until the following morning.—During the evening they became quite sociable, told stories, laughed together, and were quite at home with one another. At last one of them related an adventure of his boyish days, when the other, after eyeing him sharply, jumped up from his chair, and, said he—

"Ain't your name Miller?"

"The very same," answered the other.

"Haven't you got the mark of a huckleberry on your right arm?"

"No!" thundered the other, in half a passion.

"Then—then," rushing up to him, "you are my dear, long lost brother, whom we all thought dead."

Just at this moment, our horse being announced, we left.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Nautical Arithmetic.—It is an old saying, "that sailors get their money like horses, and spend it like asses." A sailor called on another to borrow twenty shillings of him; the moneyed man fell to telling it out in shillings, but the other took up a handful of silver, and said—

"Here, Jack, give me a couple of handfuls or so of it, and I'll give you a hat full when my ship's paid off."

Choosing a Judge in Kentucky.—Said the oldest inhabitants and most influential citizen of the Green Brier region to the first Governor of Kentucky, "Won't you appoint Joe Streaks? the neighbors all want him to git it—*they know what he can do*—there isn't such another *shot* in the whole country." Judge Streaks' commission was forthwith made out.

☞ The Bedford Times states that at a recent horticultural show in that town, the judges decided that a bundle of white *carrots* were the best *par*-[illegible]

French Writers.—Melville, in his "Account of John Knox," says that "He was so active and vigorous a preacher that he was like to ding the pulpit into blads, and fly out of it." Compeson, a French writer, translating this passage, thus literally renders it:

"Soon heating himself by the fire of his passions and hatred, he bestirred himself like a madman; he broke his pulpit, and leaped into the midst of his auditors."

Another French writer, perceiving that when parliament was sitting the accounts in the newspapers of "Horrible Murders," "Daring Robberies," and "Savage Assaults" were much less numerous than at other times, and not knowing that the long reports of the parliamentary proceedings left little room for other matter, arrived at the following philosophical conclusion:—"Such is the respect of the English for their parliament that when it is sitting crimes are extremely rare; but as soon as it rises the papers are filled with the most horrible atrocities."

The Ball Axletree.—This is the simplest of all contrivances, and in its very absence of complexity, it becomes a matter of wonder that it should so long have escaped the ingenuity of others of our host of inventors. A groove is turned in the axle, and a corresponding groove in the box, into which groove are dropped one or two steel balls, so contrived that one half of the ball is always in the groove of the box, and the other half in the groove of the axle—thus preventing the possibility of the wheel coming loose, and in a considerable degree reducing the friction. The box is perfectly air-tight, and contains a considerable quantity of oil, and the process of removing the wheel when necessary is reduced to the very extreme of simplicity.

☞ A certain lodging house was very much infested by vermin—a gentleman who slept there one night, told the landlady in the morning, when she said, "La, sir, we haven't a single bug in the house." "No, ma'am," said he, "they're all

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United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. J. T. Our thanks are due to J. J. T., and our friends at Rutland, N. Y., for the increased number of names they send on in their club. This winter we are bound to astonish our Newspaper brethren.

X. We regret that the great length of this article necessarily excludes it from our columns, as no extract from it could be made without entirely destroying its beauty.

Reflections of a Melancholy Man. There are some fine thoughts in this poem, but the construction of the verse is very defective, and we must therefore decline it.

November. "Sallie's" piece will be published, and "Cousin Jerry" proved no prophet.

Leonard. We think this story pretty well told, but we are afraid the incident on which it is founded is not quite humorous enough. It is a pretty good story to tell in conversation, but hardly good enough to put in print.

Adventures of a Convert to the Mohammedan Religion. If this is *true*, we will publish it with pleasure. Will the writer please inform us, if it is.

A Lady's Reply, &c. [illegible] of the kind, but the [illegible] well done for a thing [illegible] and is not to our taste.

To [illegible] Insurance Companies. This should appear in a daily paper, we think, to reach the individuals addressed.

Declined. "Farewell to Home," Poems by "Adelphus," "Poetry," "To Her I Love," and "An Acrostic" are respectfully declined. Most of these pieces have merit, but for shortcomings of various kinds, we are compelled to reject them. We may remark, in conclusion, that one of the most unpleasant things an editor has to do, is to decline the favors of his correspondents.

AN ERROR.

The name of J. G. Carleton, of Louisville, Ky., was some time ago announced in the Post as that of a delinquent subscriber. We are pleased to learn that this is a mistake, as Mr. Carleton had paid one of our agents who neglected to inform us of the fact. We regret very much that this mistake has occurred.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Acadia arrived at Boston on the 19th, bringing Liverpool dates to the 4th inst.

It is gratifying to be able at length to announce to our Southern readers, that Cotton has advanced ⅛d. over the last quotations.

Fair Orleans is quoted at 4¼; middling, 3⅞; fair Upland and Mobile, 3¾; middling, 3½. On the other hand, Breadstuffs have declined, prices being a shade lower.

The Cholera in England still maintains its mild character—the deaths in London being still under the average for the antecedent five years. In Edinburgh and the vicinity it still lingers. There have been five deaths since the last report, making one hundred and sixty-nine deaths since October 4th, out of two hundred and ninety cases.

The trials of O'Brien and his fellow patriots—or "traitors," as the English papers have it—are not yet disposed of. A writ of error in O'Brien's case has been allowed, which was to be argued at once before the Court of Queen's Bench, in Dublin; from whence, if the decision there be not favorable, it will be removed to the House of Lords, as was the case in regard to the State prisoners in 1844. This throws another light over the whole matter. We should not now be surprised to see the case carried to the Peers, and the whole proceedings magnanimously quashed by the Lords spiritual and temporal. If this should be the result, we shall have a higher opinion than even that which we have long entertained, of the wisdom of the English nobility—unquestionably the ablest aristocracy on the face of the earth. The only aristocracy which knows how to yield gracefully privileges which can no longer be retained, and to temper the severity of the law with the magnanimity of a masterly policy.

The great question, "Who shall be President?" absorbs now every other in France. The success of Louis Napoleon, it is said, is considered *certain* by his own party. It is probable, however, that neither candidate will have a majority of the whole number of votes, which the law requires. In that case the National Assembly will choose one of the three highest candidates.

Nothing certain yet from Vienna—except that Prince Windischgratz, at the last advices, was bombarding the city. The city has offered to capitulate on the following terms:—"A general amnesty; nomination of a popular ministry, and the removal of the troops from the vicinity of Vienna." When these terms are acceded to, it is added, the city will be given up, and the working classes, and even the Academic Legion, will submit to be disarmed. But no terms will be accepted other than absolute submission. It appears probable that Vienna, after being battered to ruins, will be forced to submit. But, whatever may be the result, the end is not yet. The battle between King and subject once begun, must eventually result either in tyranny, or in the overthrow of the monarchy. And we shall be surprised if three years pass away, without the Emperor of Austria being either an exile, or a headless man. He may be wiser than Louis XVI., but woe to that King, whose enemies are in his own Capital. They shall come upon him "like a thief in the night," and when he calls for help, there shall be none to heed him.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A lady of Camden, N. J., has been cured of an attack of that dreadful disease, Hydrophobia, by the administering of Chloroform. Dr. Jackson, her consulting physician, intends publishing a detailed account of the case. She was slightly bitten on the wrist by an unknown dog in August last, but no symptoms of the disease appeared until the 27th of October, when she was suddenly attacked sitting in her chair with her children around her. This was on Friday. On the following Monday, Dr. Fisler, her physician, says,—"it was proposed to administer the Chloroform more for the purpose of overcoming the severity of the spasms than with any expectation of its producing permanent relief. The inhaler was used at first, but we could do nothing with it, as she would bite severely everything within reach of the mouth. A concave piece of sponge was substituted, pouring the Chloroform in it, and then applying it to the mouth.

"The very first attempt acted beautifully. As soon as the spasm commenced, the sponge was applied, and in a minute almost, however wild and raving she may have been, she would sink down upon her pillow in a state of perfect calmness and repose, which was soon followed by a return of consciousness. So we continued to ward off the attacks, and on Tuesday, or Wednesday at farthest, there was no return of them. Still the very thought of water was horrible to her.

"She is now (Nov. 11) convalescent, though much enfeebled, but can drink water. Yet she informs me some very unpleasant feelings were produced a day or two ago by her neighbor inadvertently washing her windows. I have no doubt of its being a case of genuine hydrophobia."

THE LAW.

Some New York lawyers recently made a calculation, showing that their aggregate *nett receipts* were so small as not to furnish over $250 a year to at least one-third of the members of the profession. There are over nine hundred attorneys in New York, and it is believed two hundred of these do not earn $200 a year. Of course, in this calculation, the "*glory*" is counted of nothing. But it is for the "*glory*" of the profession, that perhaps nine out of ten embrace it. Practicing law, however, is, like everything else, a good business when you can get enough of it to do. But a man must have business in order to get it. In it as in everything else, we see the truth of the Scripture text: "To him that hath shall be given, but from him that hath not shall be taken away, even the little that he hath." Well is it for poor lawyers, as well as for other poor men, that another text is equally true, "*Seek* and ye shall find, *knock* and

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

There has been considerable said of late, in the English and American papers, relative to the ability of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the candidates for President of France. Inasmuch as Louis Napoleon has never manifested any remarkable talent as a practical man—except perhaps in the teaching of an eagle to fly upon his shoulder, in order to astonish the people of France with an omen, the virtue of which consisted in the liking of the eagle in question for fresh meat,—and as the said Louis has lately shown that he possessed no talent as a public speaker, by an exhibition of stupidity in the tribune of the National Assembly, it has been nearly unanimously concluded by the press, that Louis Napoleon may be a very tolerable Louis, but that he is not by any means a Napoleon.

But, as Emerson says, "there is no opinion however firmly settled, that may not be overturned by the coming of a great thinker;" and the generally received opinion of Louis Napoleon, seems destined to meet with a sudden overthrow at the hands of Mr. N. P. Willis. The editor of the "Home Journal," in a late number of that paper, thus raises Louis Napoleon from the dust, and places him upon a high pinnacle of greatness. He says:

"It is enough to warrant Louis Napoleon for no *common man* that he has been, for many years, and when poor and hopeless of other distinction than that of his blood, *the intimate friend of the brilliant D'Orsay*, whose approval and pick of men is more exacting of endowments than of rank or fortune. *As an intimate of Count D'Orsay, and a favorite and constant habitue of the difficult society which clusters around Lady Blessington, Louis Napoleon could not have held his own without superior talents and culture.* Gore House has been the home of his intimacy and exile, and with such sponsors as he has found there, he may confidently be believed in."

As it is well known that Mr. Willis also has been, in his time, "an intimate friend of the brilliant D'Orsay," and had some experience of "the *difficult* society which clusters around Lady Blessington," we humbly conceive that his testimony as to the probable merits of Louis Napoleon should be received with far more respect than that of others, who never have enjoyed such advantages. And we have no hesitation in expressing our opinion that, tried by this admirable test of Mr. Willis's, Louis Napoleon is not only a very superior man, but a greater statesman and warrior than even the "Iron Duke" himself.

Somewhat apropos to this subject, we perceive that a wicked Boston bard, not having the fear of the "brilliant D'Orsay," and the "difficult" Lady Blessington before his eyes, has dared to write in the following light and mocking manner of the author of the "Lady Jane." We can hardly credit the fellow's presumption:

> "There is Willis, so natty and jaunty and gay,
> Who says his best things in so foppish a way,
> With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
> That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
> Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,
> Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!
> His prose had a natural grace of its own,
> And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
> But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
> And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
> Yet whenever it slips away fre[illegible]
> It runs like a stre[illegible] and unlaced,
> And [illegible], with a musical waste,
> [illegible]gurgles along with the liquidest sweep—
> 'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
> In a country where scarcely a village is found
> That has not its author sublime and profound,
> For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
> And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty."

We are pleased to see that Mr. Willis meets this attack upon him as one who had been picked and approved by the brilliant D'Orsay, and admitted into the difficult society which clusters around Lady Blessington, might be expected to meet it. He says:

"Lowell, the poet, has written a satire full, at least, of puns of the very first quality, and with, here and there, a brilliant bit of true wit. He cuts up some of his literary brotherhood with small mercy, and as he is a very sincere man and means what he says, the book is curious for showing how literary stars look, *seen from the bottom of a well of seclusion.* Lowell's *complete lack of conversance with the world* has doubtless kept his imagination pure and healthy, and fitted his fine genius for better *more* imaginative poetry than could be written by any other American; *but it unfits him, as his satire shows, for anything but an eccentric estimate of his contemporaries and their true bearing on the taste of the times.* As a book to read aloud, however, and amuse a fireside circle, we think this quite the best thing that has appeared in twenty years."

This is placing the matter on its right ground. Mr. Lowell, we would inform the reader, has resided all his life in the neighborhood of Boston, with the exception of short visits to New York, and a winter spent in Philadelphia. He may be, perhaps, acquainted with a number of the distinguished authors of the country, and with the works of the great masters of literature generally, but he is by no means "a man of the world." Such a retired character, of course, is totally unfitted "for anything but an *eccentric* estimate of his contemporaries;" and it is sheer folly in his friends to argue that he actually writes with all that accurate perception of faults and foibles which is generally supposed to distinguish a man of the world, for it is impossible that any man should do so, who has kept himself all his life "at the bottom of a well of seclusion," that is, never been "the intimate friend of the brilliant D'Orsay," or "the favorite and constant habitue of the difficult society which clusters around Lady Blessington."

FANATICISM.

We have not been for a long time so astonished as we were the other day in seeing an account of the principles of the "King Charles Club," at Oxford, England, the members of which Club belong to the Puseyite party of the Church of England. These principles go the whole length of the "divine right of kings," and the divine duty of submission of subjects. The following is a synopsis of them:—"The first declares the Queen to be such by Divine right. The second, the indissoluble union between Church and State. The third, that no right exists of private judgment in matters of religion. The fourth, that the education of the lower orders is a public evil. The fifth, that the lower orders should exercise no voice in the choice of representatives. The sixth, that persons having dependents are justified in exercising their influence over them in matters concerning the government of Church and State."

How nicely all these six declarations hang together, parts and parcels of a consistent whole, links of a great chain of which one end is fastened to the Devil's footstool, while the other end these members of the "King Charles Club" would like to fasten round the great heart of the world. Two or three other principles, however, might well have been added to the above—for instance, the right of burning martyrs at the stake for holding heretical opinions, and the duty of the Church and State, united, to put down heresy by the sword, should not have been overlooked. Doubtless these would come in due season.

The members of this "King Charles Club," who proclaim these atrocious doctrines, are doubtless "honest, good kind of men," and as harmless as tigers, whose claws are not yet grown. But just such men probably are they, as those who in the days of darkness, which now happily have almost passed away, tortured and slew their fellow beings in the great name of God, sparing neither the mother nor the infant at her breast. For nothing but the fiercest fanaticism, a fanaticism capable of almost any degree of wickedness in favoring circumstances, could prompt men in England, in the year 1848, to avow their belief in the rightfulness of tyranny in Church and in State, over mind and over body, and in the supreme blessing of ignorance. Thank God, however, that the battle with such unholy delusions, was fought and won by our and their ancestors, for themselves, and for us, and for all time; and though such ravings may provoke our astonishment, even our indignation, they also serve to remind us of what advances have been made by mankind, through the noble self-sacrifice of heroic spirits, in the course of the last few centuries; for that which now seems to all men as the ravings of madmen, was once the cherished dogma and fatal scourge of the Christian world.

ANOTHER CURE.

It is said that a "most important" discovery for the cure of Cholera has been communicated to the English Government by the English Consul at Smyrna. The process of cure, which it is asserted has never failed in a single case, is to place the patient "up to his knees in a vessel of water as hot as the hand can be borne in it, throw in six or seven handfuls of common salt, and let two men rub the legs of the patient vigorously for twenty minutes or half an hour, during which time the temperature of the water must be kept up. The large vein above the instep in each of the patient's feet must then be opened, and suffered to bleed while the legs remain immersed in the water so long as the strength of the patient will permit. By this time the natural action of the heart will have recommenced, the cramps and pains will have been removed, and the patient being placed in a warm bed, the cure is completed."

The following is given as the explanation of this strange treatment:—"The immediate cause of death in Cholera is the separation of the serum, or saline portion of the blood, from the fibrine.—The former being discharged by watery evacuations, the fibrine alone remains, a coagulated mass of the consistence of tar, in the veins."

We must confess that we are very sceptical as to the success of the above mode of treatment. It seems to us that the injury done the patient by the bleeding, would be almost equal to that to be feared from the Cholera. We should have to be pretty near the end of the chapter, before we should be inclined to be bled "as long as our strength would permit."

ATROCIOUS.

A number of gentlemen being out on a boating excursion, it was remarked by one of the party that Jack H——— was the best rower among them. "Yes," replied our witty friend, Tom A———, "Jack is 'the noblest *roman* of them

THE COMMUNITY SYSTEM.

All Community Systems, we believe, that have ever been tried, have failed, except such as were held together by a common religious, or rather sectarian faith. In these the government has been either patriarchal or despotic, and the community being thus made a huge machine, it has succeeded admirably so far as material prosperity was concerned. It is remarkable, however, that when men have banded together with material prosperity as the principal object of their union, they have, we believe, invariably separated in a short time, in confusion and discord.

But even the religious communities, such as Rapp's or those of the Shakers, have never truly succeeded. While their material prosperity has been great, their intellectual condition has been most barren. No life, no intelligence, no books or paintings, no love of science or art, no new discoveries are found in these *successful* religious communities,—intellectually they are as dead as a dry branch, and put forth no leaves or buds or fruit, to the glory of the great Giver of Life.

The reason of this is very evident. These communities only succeed by the sacrifice of the individuality of man's nature—only by reducing all their members, as far as possible, to one common standard. If they allowed individuals to think for themselves, they could not work in common harmoniously, and could not therefore prosper. Now it is this individuality of man's nature, this difference of one man from another, which is the fertile source of all intellectual and spiritual life. And in proportion to the degree of freedom of opinion and of action possessed by a nation, will be its intellectual vigor—manifested in great books, great inventions, great deeds and great men. The vast activity and enterprise of the American people, for instance, is a direct consequence of the air of freedom they breathe, which allows the peculiar faculty of each individual its fullest opportunity of exercise. To afford each man the fullest liberty in the exercise of his peculiar modes of thought and practice, and to reconcile this perfect freedom with perfect harmony and order, is the highest problem of the statesman. To allow each to be himself, and no other, within the wide circle of temperateness and morality, and yet to preserve these millions of human spheres from jarring, as they move each in its own orbit, is the perfection of human society and government.

But we have run off into an article, when we only intended a preface. An experiment of Marshal Bugeaud in the French possessions in Northern Africa, affords another illustration of the impossibility of Associations succeeding, even in a material point of view, which are not firmly bound together, and made amenable to discipline, by a common religious faith. The following is the Marshal's account, in a recent number of a French periodical, of the breaking up of his colonies:

"On returning from a prolonged expedition, I went to visit my three little colonies, beginning with that of Mered. It was the end of September, 1843. Generally I was received with joy by the military colonists, who considered me as their benefactor, and called me their father. This time it was Sunday. I found them sad, and most uncivil. They were leaning against their doors, and did not move to come round me, according to their custom. I saw that there was something extraordinary.

"I sent for the officer, and he being absent, I addressed myself to the sergeant major, to inquire the causes of the discouragement, the symptoms of which I had remarked.

"'My men have good reason to be sad,' replied the sergeant; 'they are losing the best part of their harvest, and they attribute it to the laboring in common; they are tired of this arrangement, and they are going to ask you to break up the association.'

"'But how do they lose their harvest? They reaped in the beginning of June, and we are now at the last of September; it ought to be in the granary long ago.'

"'You are right, Governor, it ought to be so, but they do not work, and we have not yet taken care of a third of the barley or wheat. Depending on the usual prolongation of fine weather we did not take the precaution to take the sheaves from the rick perpendicularly; we took what formed the roof from the whole oblong square. The two storms which came lately have soaked our ricks, and our grain has sprouted.'

"I went to the ricks and I saw the grain growing on all sides. I immediately assembled the colonists; they formed a circle about me, and we had the following dialogue:—

"'How is it, my friends, that, having made your harvest in June, you have not threshed your grain at the end of September?'

"'Because,' they replied, 'we do not work.'

"'And why don't you work?'

"'Because we depend one on the other; one does not wish to do more than the other, and thus we put ourselves on the level of the idle. Do you not think, Governor, that if we each had our portion of this grain, it would have been threshed long ago? We should have already done more than double. Things cannot go on so; we beg you to break up our association.'

"'Yes, yes,' cried all the colonists, even the lazy ones.

"'*We put ourselves on the level with the lazy ones*,' said they. This affected me too much to leave me undecided about giving up the community labor, but I thought it my duty not to yield too soon. So I made an appeal to the sentiment of fraternity, of which I knew the force.

"'How, my friends,' replied I, 'you are all [illegible] selected each other voluntarily, you are young and robust, you make, in some sort, only a family of brothers, and do you not know how to live and labor in common, without calculating whether one does more than another?'

"'Governor, we are very fond of each other, and notwithstanding that, there is no emulation for labor; it does not seem like working for one's self when we work in common. But it would be worse when we marry. Our wives would agree less than we do about work and everything else. It would be a hell. If we prove to you that we have produced more, in the one day each week, which you allowed every man to have for himself, than in the five days of the community, you will not refuse to let us dissolve our association.'

"I proceeded immediately to the verification of this fact. I appraised successfully the sixty-seven individual harvests, the officers wrote down my appraisement, and the sum gave in fact an amount superior by a fifth to the whole of the community harvests. This operation finished, I called the colonists together again. I declared to them that the results of this examination decided me to establish individual labor among them; but I warned them, that since they thought themselves able to take care of themselves, if they separated I should withdraw their pay and rations. They received this declaration with unanimous consent."

TRUE COURAGE.

Major Borland, U. S. Senator from Arkansas, was recently challenged to fight a duel. The following was the Major's reply:

LITTLE ROCK, Oct. 9th, 1848.

Sir—Your letter of yesterday, by Mr. Trapnall, has been received.

I understand it to be a challenge to fight a duel, because I refuse to comply with a demand which I regard as unreasonable and improper.

* * * * * * *

There was a time, when, a stranger in this State, I deemed it not improper to accept a similar invitation, and exhibit to the public that steadiness of *animal nerve* which some men call *courage*. If, during that time, you had called on me, I might have taken occasion to shoot you. That time has passed. Since then, circumstances have materially changed. At the call of my country, true courage was needed in the field, for the defence of her interest and honor; I placed myself in positions where shooting and being shot at, for a proper purpose, became my duty. From the manner in which I performed that duty, and from other causes, I find myself no longer a stranger, but well known to the people of Arkansas. Indeed, they have been so kind as to identify my character and interests with their own, and make them the objects of their public care and favor.—This should satisfy the ambition of any man. It does satisfy mine. Satisfied with such a position, I will not forfeit it. I have neither the disposition nor the purpose, nor, as I conceive, the right to do any act, either of my own accord, or at the suggestion of others, calculated to change it, or, in any degree, detract from its true value and dignity. The acceptance of your challenge would, in my estimation, as in that of all sensible men, be such an act. I, therefore, decline it.

When, from the performance of such duties as I have mentioned, or from any other causes, you find yourself in a position similar to mine, I think you will join me in looking down, very contemptuously, upon the ambition of a duellist. But, until then, should your aspirations for notoriety, and your thirst for blood continue, you must seek their gratification in conflicts with those of propensities equally low; or what would be more creditable to your chivalry, wait until our country's *next* war, and then seek that occasion for displaying it which you avoided in the last.

We know nothing as to the merits of the dispute between Messrs. Borland and Flournoy, but we do know that duelling is a very silly practice, and we think that man deserves praise who has the *true courage* to refuse a challenge. What Washington did, nearly a hundred years ago, it cannot be a disgrace to any man to do now.

KILLING NICE.

The time is now at hand when a lady housekeeper may obtain the credit of being "*killing nice*" very easily. When the mornings are sufficiently cool to make ice, let her order her maid to wash the pavements just as regularly as during the summer months. The consequence will probably be, that some old gentleman coming along, will slip on the iced pavement, and break his arm or leg, or even perhaps his neck—and this will be proof to every one, that the lady in question is "*killing* nice." Another good plan, and perhaps even a more certain one, is to have the white marble steps regularly washed. The ice that will form, being so nearly the color of the marble, that children especially will not be apt to take notice of it. In this way some fine little girl or boy may be injured for life, and a reputation obtained by a housekeeper of being "*killing nice*." This for our city readers.

CHLOROFORM.

It is stated in the "London Lancet," that chloroform can be applied to produce *local* insensibility to pain, the other parts of the body remaining unaffected. A case is given where, an operation for artificial pupil having to be undergone, the eye was rendered nearly insensible by applying to it a small quantity of the vapor of chloroform for about twenty minutes.

ITALIAN DIGNITY.

Signor Vietti, an Italian musician, withdrew from Mr. Fry's opera company in New York, because the leader, Maretzek, insisted upon keeping time with a *stick*, instead of a *fiddle bow*. He argued, according to the Home Journal, that obedience to the former was "servitude," while obedience to the latter was only "*fellowship*." Fid-

FRANCE.

Later accounts from France than we had seen when we wrote our summary of the foreign news in another column, mention that a number of riots had taken place between the soldiers of the Line and the Garde Mobile. The cause of these dissensions is not stated. Probably the Line is strongly conservative, while the Garde Mobile is favorable to the red and social republic.

The accounts would seem to indicate a forcible resistance of the Parisians to the Presidency of Louis Napoleon in case he should be elected by the vote of the departments. The opponents of the Prince appear to fear a monarchy—they see a throne in the background, behind the President's chair. Louis Napoleon and M. Etienne Arago had a very animated discussion in the French Chambers recently, in which the latter told the former that his reason for opposing him was, that however much of a republican, he would be driven by the mass behind him to monarchy. "But, M. Arago," replied Louis Bonaparte, "must not attention be paid to the majority? It appears to me that I can find in the past life of my uncle some remembrances of the Republic." "Ah!" said M. Arago, "I understand what you mean. Your uncle was Consul before he was Emperor. Yes, but that remembrance is not encouraging for us, for the Consul soon transformed himself, and the monarchies have only left in our recollection the idea of Emperor. Is he shown to the people as a general of the Republic, with the military costume of the immortal campaigns of Italy? No; it is with the gray great coat of the Emperor and King; in a word, it is Napoleon, always Napoleon, and never Bonaparte. That, sir, is why no sincere and enlightened Republican will vote for you." M. Louis Bonaparte turned on his heel and walked away without saying a word.

But, notwithstanding these symptoms of a renewal of strife in France, we do not believe that any attempt will be made to prevent the President elect from taking his seat, whoever may be chosen. The opponents of Louis Napoleon, in case of his election, will have the sense, we think, to wait and see whether he is disposed to overthrow the Republic, before they take up arms against him. For our part, we believe Louis Napoleon entirely innocent of any such intention. France is far more likely to suffer from his incompetency, than from his ambition.

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

Bishop Potter, of this State, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in Union College, a gentleman of great intellectual acquirements, speaks as follows of a class of literary works, against which we have repeatedly borne our testimony. He says:

"The insipid French novels with which our country is deluged are the seed of robbery, arson, piracy and assassination. They give false views of life, and taint with every touch. It is absurd to call them literature at all. But it may be asked, do they not shine? Yes, like a rotten log, or a putrescent carcass, which is phosphorescent because it is decayed. When our people learn to read good books only, then may we look for a return to good morals. And not until then."

The comparison of the lustre emitted by these pernicious works, to that of rotten wood and flesh, is an admirable one—being demonstrative as well as explanatory. It is curious and interesting to note the singular correspondencies between the spiritual and material worlds. For instance, rottenness and putridity, when in their last stage, are revolting to gaze upon; and so are vice and sin. But there is a stage preceding this, in which they give forth a strange, weird light, fascinating to the eye; and so also is it with vice and sin. It is vice and sin, in this phosphorescent state, if we may so term it, which give lustre to the works of Sue and De Kock, and their American imitators. But these authors carefully avoid exhibiting that inevitable last stage, which would make their readers turn with loathing from the previous lustre, as from the light which shone out of a charnel house. But even if they did otherwise, virtue would not be a gainer—for the perusal of such vile imaginings always leaves a taint, as of putridity and death, upon the soul. When the young—yes, and the middle aged, and the old, also—find that a book begins to glow with this strange interest of vice or crime, let them resolutely close its pages, as they value the health and purity of their own souls. You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled. Taste not, touch not, handle not, the unclean thing. Feed not the lurking devil within with luxurious pictures of sin and shame, whether or not a moral paragraph be tagged on at the end. Why would you also taste of the "forbidden fruit," and fall? What will it profit you to gain the whole world of knowledge of sin and corruption, and lose your own soul?

SINGULAR DISAPPEARANCE.

A young lady by the name of Marietta Smith, recently disappeared from the residence of her parents, No. 150 Green Street, New York. The affair has naturally and justly caused great excitement. The New York Express says:

"It is stated that Mrs. Smith some few weeks prior to the disappearance of her daughter, received through the penny-post a letter, evidently written by a female hand, warning her of a plot that was arranging to carry off her daughter; but at the time this was regarded, probably, only as a playful piece of mischief, on the part of some female acquaintance, and so the matter was thought no more of until subsequent events recalled the incident and proved too truly that the warning was given in good earnest. Marietta, it seems, on the day she disappeared, had attended a school in Grand Street, of which she was one of the teachers,—being Saturday, and her professional services not being required in the afternoon, she started for home about two o'clock, and that is the last that has been heard of her. Her way home would lie along Grand Street, and up Green,—the distance, altogether, from the school house to her home, possibly three quarters of a mile. In that neighborhood there are many houses of a very suspicious character, well known, however, to the 8th Ward Police, who have made a thorough examination of them all, from cellar to garret, but without discovering aught that would indicate a secretion of the girl there, though there are many, notwithstanding such examination, still apprehensive that a more rigid scrutiny in these dens, and close questioning of the inmates, separately, might lead to some satisfactory issue.

"It is hardly possible that, allowing it to be a case of abduction, the victim has been conveyed from the city; albeit, he or they who would scheme the seizure of a female in open day, in our public streets, would seem masters of any stratagem to hide their villany. The parents of Marietta inform us that their daughter, at home, was always noted for her modest demeanor; and her companions and associates at school corroborate a like consistency of conduct there. It is not known that she was on terms of intimacy with any of the other sex, at home or elsewhere, and a rigid interrogation of her school companions, old and young, elucidates nothing to furnish plausible grounds for presumption that anything like an elopement has taken place. The girl was of a very cheerful disposition, and always remarkable for her intelligence and filial attachment. True, an elopement is possible,—but all appearances are against it.—And that there is a third party cognizant of her fate, the warning, conveyed to the mother in the very singular manner aforementioned, would seem to establish beyond all doubt. To bring out the author of that mysterious missive, then, it is recommended that a reward be offered at once by the Mayor,—and, this successful, we have no doubt the whole affair will speedily unfold itself, one way or another. Whatever is done to this end, however, should be done at once, or not at all."

The New York Tribune learns, from a source which gives considerable plausibility to the rumor, that Miss Marietta Smith, a short time before her mysterious disappearance, told a female acquaintance that she had been offered $8 a week to join a company of Model Artists who were soon to leave for New Orleans, and that she would probably accept the offer. She also urged her friend to join her in the expedition. This rumor, however, may have been set afloat by her abductors.

M. MARIE.

We gave in our last paper, a portrait of M. Marie, now Minister of Justice in France. The following anecdote will give some insight into his character.

Raspail, one of the leaders of the Red Republic in France, who is in the fortress of Vincennes awaiting his trial as one of the actors in the bloody scenes of June last, having recently been elected by the city of Paris one of its representatives in the National Assembly, wrote to the Minister of Justice the following letter:

Citizen Minister—A member of the National Assembly, and therefore inviolable, I know not to what extent you can now judicially pursue me.

Salutation and fraternity.

RASPAIL.

The Minister immediately replied in these terms:

Citizen Raspail—Justice having you at its disposition, I know not to what extent you have a right to be a member of the National Assembly.

Salutation and fraternity.

MARIE.

We like such laconic brevity as the above. If Raspail had been an American Congressman, and Marie an American Secretary of State, two columns apiece of a paper like the Post would not have sufficed for the two epistles.

SALT RIVER POETRY.

Col. S. D. Patterson, of this city, has been writing some capital Salt River verses. They are of course political in their character, and we therefore cannot well publish them. The conclusion, however, in most of which all parties can unite, is as follows:

> Away to the head of Salt River we go,
> Each heart bounding high with a patriot's glow.
> We're beaten—what of it? A good cause will ne'er
> Let its advocates sink into gloomy despair;
> Clouds break into sunshine—the darkness of night
> Is the prelude which ushers the dawning of light;
> And the spirit that quails not when adverse fate lowers,
> Enhances its virtue,—increases its powers.
>
> Then onward, in this the great cruise of our lives;
> And whenever we drink to our "sweethearts and wives,"
> Let us offer a prayer that the Power above
> Will carefully guard the dear land of our love;
> That no spirit of discord may sever the chain,
> But the bond of our Union unbroken remain;
> And the banner of freedom be ever unfurled,
> The light of all nations, the hope of the world.

VIENNA.

The last accounts give a report that Vienna had

PRIZE TALES.

The editor of the Boston Museum, more honest than some of his brethren, having occasion to make a sensation by publishing a "*Thousand Dollar Prize Tale*," gives the receipt for the same in full in his paper, as follows:

BOSTON, Nov. 1st, 1848.

Messrs. Putnam & Mellen,

To the Roaring Rhinoceros, Drs.

By one roaring rhinoceros tale, entitled "Leon and Francisca, or the Bandit of the Pyrenees," 10 cents.

10 cents. Received payment,

THE ROARING RHINOCEROS.

If all other publishers were equally candid, we should find that the number of *hundred* and *thousand* dollar prize tales, for which the author receives a mere pittance, equivalent to the 10 cents in the above case, is "more than a few." But the humbuggery of prize tales is now pretty nearly run into the ground.

THE CASE OF MRS. GAINES.

The "Sun," of this city, states that "the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States have issued a mandamus to Mrs. Myra Gaines to appear before them on the first day of the next term, when the decision given in her favor last winter will be annulled." The Bulletin says that the latter part of the statement, in regard to annulling the decision is, of course, gratuitous; though it believes the mandamus has been issued. What's in the wind now? If Mrs. Gaines should happen to lose that great estate, what will become of the "dear five hundred friends," who have flocked around her of late like flies around a newly fallen drop of molasses?

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Nov. 15th, 1848.

Gentlemen:—Well, the long agony Presidential is over—a great, but bloodless battle has been fought, and a "famous victory" won. The mighty wheel of political fortune has had another turn, and those who so long sighed at the bottom, shout aloud from the top. *Eh bien*—it seems no more than fair in our impartial republic, for power, glory and the spoils thus to change hands occasionally. No party can subsist on bare patriotism forever.

"A new broom sweeps clean," and I have hopes of the administration to come. I trust that a law of International Copyright will be at last discussed, and the Post Office Reform carried triumphantly through. The latter measure I feel assured the new President will not oppose. Let the English monarchists heap their senseless ridicule on our institutions, as they will, it is beautiful, it is grand to behold the most momentous political questions decided—the most startling changes effected, by means of the ballot-box alone—that tremendous power which works as quietly and silently

> "As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,
> Yet executes a freeman's will,
> As lightning does the will of God!"

Poor Smith O'Brien! Yet, why should I say *poor* O'Brien, while he retains his present glorious bearing—or *poor* Ireland, while she boasts such a son. I regard the position of this noble young patriot as at this hour, loftier and far more enviable than that of his judges. A crown of martyrdom invisible to his foes, as to the persecutors were the haloes round the brows of the early saints, trembles in the air above him—smiling through her tears glory writes his name on the scroll of immortality;—the prayers of an oppressed people ascend for him at morn, at eve and amid the still watches of the night—the blessings of those "ready to perish" are with him in prison, and shall go forth with him to exile, or to death. And, as he strove bravely and sincerely, though perhaps mistakenly, for the good of his country, for truth and liberty, he shall know yet diviner consolations—the approbation of his own high nature, the sustaining strength of his true, fearless soul, and the peace of freedom's God, which "passeth all understanding."

It cannot be that the world must behold the death of this brave spirit, because the tears of his country had burned like lava into his heart, and the daily contemplation of her wrongs had maddened him—filled his heart with the glorious *frenzy* of the patriot and the martyr. If so, his death shall be the resurrection of Ireland. Ye may not bury Freedom in the sepulchre of the patriot: when you would lay it there, look to see it gather up its old strength and vitality, and leap to life, like the dead body of one of old, when it touched the bones of the Prophet of God!

When patriot blood is poured forth on the scaffold, it takes no strength from the veins—it may not still one heart-throb of Liberty; when patriots perish thus, their death-throes convulse the moral world,

"[illegible]"

It a grave, a lonely traitor's grave is granted the poor mangled form, thoughts throng ever about it, and the least flower that waves above it is eloquent of the poetry and grandeur of martyrdom. The light of morning and the dews at evening seem to fall upon it with peculiar beauty and freshness—noon-tide glory and tender moonlight flood the humble mound, as though Heaven had it in holy keeping, while Earth held it in mournful remembrance.

Oh that terrible death sentence pronounced upon O'Brien! Read it, let all Christendom read it again, and again! It is good for us to contemplate the blessings of civilization which a Christian nation, richly favored by Heaven, enjoys.—Ah, "my zeal is great against the unedified heathen!" Let us bear no more with their abominations! "Down with the pagodas—down with the idols!" Give the Chinese grape-shot for gunpowder tea—make the fire worshippers eat their own fire—settle the *hash* with Cannibals—put a stop to the car of Juggernaut—point the Arabs to Heaven with the bayonet! Go forth, oh, beneficent England, with arms, opium and civilization among the benighted nations; and let not the land of the Yankees be forgotten in thy apostolic missions—Kalmucks and Tartars have been regenerated—is there no hope for Republicans?

Thus saith thy law to the Irish patriot, after condemning him to a shameful death:—

"Afterwards, your head shall be severed from your body, and your body be divided into four quarters, to be disposed of as her Majesty shall please."

"*As her Majesty shall please!*"—and will the royal children have no voice in the matter?—They must have an affectionate interest in mamma's affairs, and would naturally be curious to know what became of "the unruly members" of the naughty man who conspired against her august life, crown and throne. The young Prince of Wales should have the disposal of one quarter, in virtue of his rank and great expectations. It were wise to let him snuff blood early, for by the time he ascends his fair mamma's throne, there may be an *emeute* in India—the Chinese may be throwing British opium to the fishes, as the Yankees once steeped British tea in Boston Harbor—and there may be a little disturbance in the Canadas.

After all, why should the death of a traitor be deemed ignominious in England, when royalty has hung with a dead weight on the liberties of the nation, and been *quartered* on the people for ages?

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

Elections have been held in Vermont, to fill the vacancies in the 2nd, 3rd and 4th Congressional Districts, which failed to elect their members at the first trial. In the Second District, William Hebard, Whig, has been chosen over Webber, Van Buren. In the Third District Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, Whig, and in the Fourth, Hon. Lucius B. Peck, Dem., are probably re-elected.

Mr. Gentry, a member of Congress, from Tennessee, stated recently that he was in favor of the Wilmot Proviso, as the only hope and alternative of saving the Union. He declared also that Gen. Taylor ought not to veto the Proviso. So says the Memphis Eagle.

The Democratic Vote, of Massachusetts, was greatly reduced at the Governor's election on Monday last. In some towns a majority of the party refused to vote for Cushing. Briggs, the Whig candidate for Governor, is five hundred votes or more short of the number required for his election by the people. The Legislature will, however, be Whig by an unusual majority from last year.

The returns have all been received from New Hampshire with the exception of a few towns. The majority for General Cass will be about 3,000 over all, and 14,000 over Taylor in the State.

The popular vote in Vermont for President gives the following result:

Taylor, 26,319. Cass, 8,887. Van Buren, 11,030.

All the Assembly Districts in New York have been definitively heard from, and the result is, that out of the 128 members composing the House, the Whigs have elected 107, Democrats proper, 5; and the Free Soilers 16.

Curiosities of Elections.—A North Carolina paper has the following:

No Luck in the Letter C.—A Prediction.—We remember that some newspaper, some twenty years ago, predicted that no man, whose name began with C, would ever be President of the United States. It really seems that there is no luck in the letter C in connection with the Presidency. Dewitt Clinton tried it, and was *defeated*; Crawford tried it, and was defeated; Clay has tried it with every prospect of success, and has been always defeated. Calhoun has tried it on every track, and has been defeated. In all these instances of defeat, the friends of Cass read in it his doom

THE GRAND RESULT.

We take the following statement of the probable result of the recent election, from the columns of the Evening Bulletin, of this city. Upon looking over it, we are inclined to think it a fair and impartial statement:

Below we give a comprehensive statement of the result of the late election for President, the majorities of the two principal candidates, and the Free Soil vote being given as accurately as they can be ascertained from the returns already received and from careful estimates of those States not yet heard from. The final result, after all the States are officially heard from, will not, we think, vary a great deal from the vote as here stated.

	Electors		Popular Vote.		
	Taylor	Cass.	Taylor's maj's.	Cass's maj's.	V. Buren Vote.
Maine,		9		4,000	10,500
N. Hampshire,		6		12,000	12,000
Vermont,	6		14,000		12,000
Massachusetts,	12		25,800		38,133
Rhode Island,	4		3,083		705
Connecticut,	6		3,400		5,093
New York,	36		104,000		120,000
New Jersey,	7		3,100		300
Pennsylvania,	26		13,326		11,200
Delaware,	3		323		80
Maryland,	8		3,178		100
Virginia,		17		800	34
N. Carolina,	11		7,000		
S. Carolina,		9		10,000*	
Georgia,	10		3,000		
Alabama,		9		2,000	
Mississippi,		6		500	
Louisiana,	6		3,000		
Florida,	3		1,000		
Texas,		4		2,000	
Tennessee,	13		6,000		
Kentucky,	12		17,000		
Ohio,		23		15,000	35,000
Michigan,		5		7,200	6,000
Indiana,		12		4,000	6,000
Illinois,		9		2,000	20,000
Missouri,		7		8,000	500
Iowa,		4		1,000	3,000
Wisconsin,		4		1,500	6,000
Arkansas,		3		4,000	
	163	127	206,410	72,200	286,045
	127		72,200		
	36		134,210		

* Estimated.

From the above, it will be seen that General Taylor has a majority of 36 electoral votes, and a plurality on the popular vote of 134,210. If the Free Soil vote, however, is considered, it will be seen that he lacks 152,435 of a majority of all the votes cast. But the Whig party are thought to have lost as much by the Free Soil ticket as the Democrats have. If we then divide their vote, and give one half of it to General Taylor and the other half to General Cass, which is thought to be a pretty fair division, the two parties will stand as follows:—Taylor 350,732; Cass 215,522. We make this division of the Free Soil vote not without good reason. For although the Democrats may have suffered most in New York by reason of Free Soil defection, yet in the New England States and in Ohio, Indiana, and in others of the Western States, the Whig vote has been most affected by it.

The Ruling Passion.—We take the following from the New Orleans Delta:

"We are informed that during the dying moments of Governor McNutt, a person entered the room with a newspaper in his hand. It was about the time the election returns were coming in from Pennsylvania. The eye of the dying politician assumed a momentary brightness, as his feeble voice faintly articulated the inquiry, 'What's the latest news from Pennsylvania?' Before the answer could be given, the querist was a corpse."

Ages of the Presidents.—General Taylor was born in Virginia, November 24th, 1784, and will be sixty-four years old on Friday of next week. He is the oldest, except Harrison, of all the Presidents at the time of their election.

1. Washington,	57	7. Jackson,	61
2. John Adams,	61	8. Van Buren,	54
3. Jefferson,	57	9. Harrison,	67
4. Madison,	57	10. Tyler,	50
5. Monroe,	57	11. Polk,	49
6. John Q. Adams,	57	12. Taylor,	64

Wilmot's District.—The official returns of the Presidential election in Wilmot's District as compared with those of the Governor's election, may prove interesting:

	Presidential Election.			Gov's Election.	
	Taylor.	Cass.	V. B.	Johnston.	Long.
Bradford,	[illegible]	1,880	1,809	3,241	3,748
Tioga,	[illegible]	[illegible]	955	1,219	2,077
Susquehanna,	1,853	[illegible]	301	1,397	2,416
	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8,241

Massachusetts Congressional Election.—In the First District, Mr. Winthrop, Whig, has 3,930 majority. In the Second District, Mr. King, Whig, falls short of an election by 1,283 votes. Third District, Duncan, Whig, elected. In the Fourth, no choice. Fifth, Allen, Free Soil, is 314 votes short of an election. Sixth, Ashmun, Whig, elected. Seventh, Rockwell, Whig, believed to be elected. Eighth and Ninth, Whigs elected.

Miscellaneous.

A YANKEE'S VISIT TO GEN. TAYLOR.

The following extract from a letter dated Baton Rouge, (La.) Oct. 25, gives quite an amusing account of the visit of an inquisitive Yankee to Gen. Taylor:

As all the down boats are crowded with passengers for New Orleans, thousands of them stop here to pay their respects to the popular favorite, and Baton Rouge, which used to be one of the sleepiest, drone like towns on the river, is holding its head up in the world, and already puts on the airs of a metropolis.

Strangers on landing go immediately to Gen. Taylor's house, a one story, plain, white-washed plantation cottage, with an over-hanging roof and a wide piazza, like the ordinary plantation houses which abound in this part of the country. Old Whitey and Old Rowser, who may be always seen grazing near by, usually receive the first attention of visitors. If the General should not be at home, they are sure to find him at the arsenal, where he has an office, and if they do not talk politics they will always meet a hearty reception.—Now and then an inquisitive Yankee will drop in, who, with that peculiar way of asking the most impertinent questions with an air of unconscious innocence which distinguishes your genuine Yankee, will come plumply out with an impudent interrogatory, which would cause any one but a Yankee to be kicked plumply out of doors.

Such a specimen of inquisitiveness made his appearance the other day, and found the General in his office at the arsenal engaged in conversation with Col. S——— and Major B———. The Yankee was invited to sit down, and after a few words had passed about the weather, the crops, and the public health, our visitor who had but little time to remain, jumped at once into politics.

"Well, General," said he, drawing up his chair and patting him familiarly upon the knee, "I am going to vote for you, and we are going to put you into the White House."

General Taylor smiled blandly, while his friends, the Colonel and Major, knowing how much he disliked any allusion to such subjects, frowned upon the Yankee who seemed utterly unconscious of committing any impropriety, and, nodding familiarly, he continued:

"Yes, General, I am one of 'em; an original Taylor man and no mistake. I suppose, now you have made up your mind about your cabinet?"

"No," said the General, looking at him so seriously that any body but a Yankee would have been put out of countenance; "No, sir, I have not."

"They do say," continued the imperturbable visitor, "that you are going to put in Crittenden, as Secretary of State, but may be you like Webster better for that situation?"

"Sir," said the General, "I would prefer saying nothing about the matter."

"Oh, excuse me," said the Yankee, "I didn't know that you had any objections of telling, and I thought I would like to know about it, because I take a good deal of interest in such things."

There was a slight pause, when this considerate gentleman again opened his battery.

"Well, now, General, what if the Wilmot Proviso should pass; what will you do in that case?"

"You will know if it ever should," said the General, looking as gravely as before, but perfectly respectful in his manner.

"Oh, I dare say," said the baffled Yankee, "well, General, I can't stop any longer now; I am glad to see you looking so well. My name is ———, I live in the town of ———, in the State of ———, and when you go to Washington you will find me there. Good morning, gentlemen," he said, nodding to Col. S——— and Major B———, who could hardly help laughing in his face; and shaking the General by the hand again, he took his departure with a smirk on his countenance. The other visitors present burst into a loud guffaw, as the very curious gentleman stepped out of the office, but the General made no change in his manner, but resumed the conversation with his two friends at the point where it had been interrupted by his very "original" friend.

Something New on Foot.—The New York Tribune says:—"We'll tell the ladies a pretty secret, and they will promise faithfully not to say anything about it—except to their particular friends. A new style of dress and evening slipper is coming in vogue this winter, which will increase the apparent dimensions while it will greatly add to the agreeable fascination of all the pretty feet in the metropolis. The new slipper is made of black or bronze satin, with three or four bands of India rubber round the top, and the instep ornamented with a good sized rosette, of the same color as the slipper. Isn't it charming and quite refreshing, after all the dull monotony of square toes and plain gaiters? The new style is of course from Paris, that love of a city, where they get up ribbons and revolutions, slippers and insurrec-

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, November 18, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—Since our last weekly review there has been a steady demand for superfine Flour, and some 7,000 barrels were sold for shipment at $5,25a5,31, for fair Western, and $5,31¼a5,37½ for common brands Pennsylvania—the latter being the general asking rate. Sales for city use at $5,50 a6 per bbl. Rye Flour sold at $3,87½ per barrel. Corn Meal has been in fair demand, and 3,500 bbls have changed hands at $3a2,93¾ for Pennsylvania—mostly at the former price.

GRAIN.—In the early part of the week there was a fair demand for Wheat, and sales to some extent were made at $1,10a1,15 for inferior to prime Southern and Pennsylvania red, and $1,18a1,20 for white, per bush. Since, the supplies have considerably increased, and prices have given way, with free sales at $1,10a1,13 for fair to good reds, and $1,15a1,17. Rye—Small sales at 63a63c. Corn has again been in request, and large sales have been made at 69a71c for old, and 56 a58c for new, yellow. Oats have been dull, and only 5a6,000 bushels sold at 28a32c for Southern, and 33a35 for Pennsylvania.

PROVISIONS.—Western Pork continues dull, with small sales of Mess at $12,50a13, and Prime at $9,25a9,75 per bbl. Beef is very scarce—the last sale of City Mess was at $13 per bbl. The stock of good Bacon is much reduced, and prices are very firm; sales of Western Hams at 6¾a7½c; Sides at 5¼a5½, and Shoulders at 4½a5c. Lard is steady at 8a8¼ cts, with small sales. Butter sells in lots as wanted at 11a13 cts, and Cheese at 7¼a8c per lb.

BARK.—The stock of Quercitron is very light, but the demand is limited—50 hhds sold at $27 per ton for 1st quality. Further sales of Chesnut Oak Bark at $12,50a13 per cord.

BREAD.—Demand limited; we continue to quote Pilot Bread at 4¼a4½, Navy at 3¼a3½, and Crackers at 5¼a5¾c per lb.

BEESWAX.—The market continues very dull at 22½ a23c for good Yellow.

CANDLES.—Moderate sales of Sperm at 30a32 cts. Tallow Candles sell at 11½ cts for Mould, and 10½ for Dipped.

COFFEE.—The market continues quiet, with sales of 2,800 bags Rio at 6¼; 6a700 Puerto Cabello at 6⅝a6¾, and 300 St. Domingo at 5½c, all 4 mos.

COAL.—The demand continues limited, and but little Anthracite is going forward at this time. Prices have ruled at from $3,40 for Schuylkill White Ash, to $3,60 a3,70 for Red Ash, Lump and Broken Coal, delivered on board. Lehigh is quoted at $3,67½a3,75. Further sales of Allegheny Bituminous at 15½a16c per bushel.

COTTON.—The market being poorly supplied with the finer qualities, for which there has been an increased demand this week, prices have been pretty well sustained though the sales have chiefly been of the qualities below "Fair." Week's sales 800 bales Upland and New Orleans, at prices within our range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Ala.
Middling,	5¾ a 6¼	5¾ a 6¼
Middling Fair,	6 a 6½	6¼ a 6½
Fair,	6½ a 7	6½ a 7

DOMESTIC GOODS.—The market continues quiet, without change in prices.

FEATHERS.—The demand continues to a fair extent, with sales of 16,000 lbs good Western at 34a36c per lb.

FISH.—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with limited receipts. Sales of No. 1 at $7,50a8, No. 2 at $5,50a6, and No. 3 at $3a3,50 per bbl.

FRUIT.—The demand for new Malaga Raisins continues very moderate. Sales of 2,500 whole, half and qur. boxes Bunch, at $1,47½a1,50, 62½a70 and 45a50 cts each. Dried Fruits come forward slowly, with sales of Western Peaches at $1,25a1,75, and Apples at 50a 75c per bushel. Green Apples sell in lots as wanted for shipment at $2a3 per barrel. Cranberries arrive more freely, and steady sales are making at $5,50a 6,50 per bbl.

GUANO.—Steady sales at $40a45 per ton.

HEMP.—An invoice of 50 bales Dew Rotted sold on private terms.

HIDES.—An invoice of 2,800 Laguayra sold on terms not made public.

HOPS.—Small sales of new crop at 10a12c.

IRON.—There has been a moderate demand for Pig Metal since our last weekly review, and the stocks of all descriptions being light, prices are nearly steady. Several hundred tons sold at $24a26 for Charcoal, and $21a23.50 for Anthracite. Scotch Pig is worth $25 per ton. American Bar is in limited request, but prices are steady at $55a65 per ton, as in quality. Blooms sell in lots as wanted at $60a70.

LATHS.—Cargo sales of 300,000 Eastern at $1,17a 1,25 per M.

LEAD.—The market has been quiet this week, and prices are nearly nominal at 4⅞c cash.

LUMBER.—The demand is to a fair extent, without change in prices. The supplies from the Lehigh region, for the week ending 12th inst. were Feet. 560,000

Previously this season, 28,280,733

Total, 28,840,733

MOLASSES.—The supplies continue very limited, and prices tend upward, but no transactions of moment have transpired.

NAVAL STORES.—The supplies generally of articles under this head are light, and prices steady. Sales of 700 barrels Rosin at $1,30a1,25 for common, and $1,75a2,50 for No. 2 and 1. In Tar and Pitch, no sales. For Spirits of Turpentine the demand has again been only moderate, with sales at 39a38 cts.

OILS.—The demand for Linseed is still quite limited at 58a60c. Further sales of Whale to some extent at 33a35c. Sperm sells slowly at former prices.

PLASTER.—Further cargo sales at $2,70a2,75 per ton—closing firm at the highest prices.

RICE.—Prices are steady at 3¼a3½c with only a limited demand.

SALT.—An invoice of 1,700 sacks Liverpool Fine sold on private terms.

SEEDS.—Cloverseed is in limited request at $3,50a 3,75, and Flaxseed at $1,20a1,30 per bushel.

SPIRITS.—French Brandy sells in small lots at $1,20 a1,30 for Bordeaux; $1,40a1,80 for Rochelle, and $2,50 for old Cognac. Holland Gin is steady at $1,40, with small sales. New England Rum is dull at 25a26 cts. Whiskey has been in limited request, and prices are barely supported. Sales in bbls at 25a25½, and in hhds at 23a24c.

SUGARS.—The market has again been inactive, and prices are barely supported. Sales of 100 hhds New Orleans at 5¼a6c on time.

TALLOW.—Good Rendered continues dull at 7¼a 7½c per lb.

TEAS.—A limited business is going forward at previous prices.

TOBACCO.—The market is dull and only a few hhds Kentucky have changed hands this week at previous rates.

WINES.—A small catalogue of the low and medium grades was disposed of by auction this week, at about former rates.

WOOL.—The stocks of most descriptions of Domestic continue light, and prices are pretty firm.—*Imported* [illegible].

THE STOCK MARKET.

The following were the closing prices of stocks on Monday last:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	104	—	Commercial	50	50½
" '62	106	—	N Liberty	43	—
" '67	107	107½	Mechanics'	24	—
" '68	107½	107½	Schuylkill	[illegible]	—
" 5s '53	97	[illegible]	Southwark	55	—
" 5s '51	[illegible]	[illegible]	Kensington	55¼	57
War Bty scr	98½	99	P Township	26	27
U S T N 6s	104½	104¾	Girard	10	10¼
" 1 mill	103½	—	Western	49½	48
Philad 6s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Man & Mechs	25½	26
" 5s Gas	[illegible]	100	Bk of Com	[illegible]	54
" 5s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Camden	49	51
" Gas 8s	[illegible]	—	Germantown	45	47
County 6s	99	[illegible]	Com Bk Gig Co	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penna 6s	86	86¼	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
" 5s	74	74½	M M Pitts	41	—
Kentucky 5s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Com. Charles	25	—
Tennessee 6s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Louisville Ky	[illegible]	—
Illinois 6s	41	—	Kentucky Bk	83	87
Cincinnati 6s	88	—	Northern	100	101
St Louis 6s	[illegible]	—	Union, Tenn	62½	63
Texas T Notes	8	—	Planters, Tenn	42	—
" Int 10s	11	15	Vicksburg	10	—
Schuyl N 6s '82	65	66	Com Natchez	[illegible]	—
" Int	70	—	N O Gas Bk	110	110½
" 6s '88	[illegible]	[illegible]	Schuyl Nav	19	[illegible]
Lehigh N 6s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Lehigh Nav	30	—
" Int loan	53	[illegible]	C & Del Ca	[illegible]	—
" Mort 6s '81	[illegible]	[illegible]	Morris Ca	7½	[illegible]
" Ch Scrip	[illegible]	[illegible]	Penn R Aux Co	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Del Ch	[illegible]	[illegible]	Reading R	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Am R 6s	94	[illegible]	Cam & Am R	135	[illegible]
Bea Mdw R 6s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Penns R	43	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	40	[illegible]	Bea Mdw R	15	—
Norris'n R 6s	64	[illegible]	Lehigh Val R	15	—
Harrisburg R 6s	[illegible]	—	Norris Am Cl	[illegible]	—
Wil R 6s	78	—	Susqueh Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Read R 6s '70	58	58½	Norristown R	11½	11½
" Mort 6s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Harrisburg R	35	—
U S Bk Notes	[illegible]	[illegible]	Wilmington R	20	—
U S Bk Shares	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N Amer Bk	118½	110	Minehill R	55	56
Penns Bk	260	269	N Liberty Gas	[illegible]	—
Philadelphia	117½	—	Firm Copper	2	[illegible]
Far & Mec	55	[illegible]	N J Copper	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ledger					

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 20.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,500 head. Beeves were sold from $5,50 to 6,25 per 100 pounds. Hogs—About 300 in the market, and all sold at prices ranging from $4,75 to 5,25 per 100 pounds. Cows—About 230 were disposed of as follows—$25 to 40 for fresh, $13 to 20 for springers and $5 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The number selling from $1 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3, according to quality.

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOV. 18.

Ashes—Sales of 100a150 bbls of both sorts were reported, including Pots at $6, and Pearls at $6,10a6,18¾.

Breadstuffs—Flour—The sales footed up about 8a 5,000 bbls, including 3a5,000 bbls Oswego, 1,000 of which was for export, and the remainder chiefly to the city trade and for the east, at $5,37½a5,50 for good pure Genesee, at $5,25a5,37½; good straight brands city, at $5,68¾a5,75; and 860 bbls bakers' brands Ohio, at $5,75. Sales of Baltimore were made at $5,62½a 5,68¾, and about 300 Petersburg city mills, at $6,62½. Wheat—Prices were steady, but no sales of moment transpired. Corn—The sales reached about 10,000 bushels in separate parcels, among which were 1,500 bushels of old mixed at 68 ats; 7a8,000 do flat mixed at 69a70c; 3,000 do handsome Southern yellow at 71c; 1,000 do new flat yellow, sold at 68c, 2,500 sacks New Orleans, sold at 66c, and 2,500 do high mixed at 69c. Resed was firm at 75c. Meal—Sales of 100 bbls were made at $3,25. Rye—Sales of 10a12,000 bushels were made at 66c. Rye Flour—Sales of 100 bbls were made at $3,25. Oats—Sales of a cargo or two of canal were made at 34a35c.

Provisions—Sales of about 600 bbls prime Pork were made at $9, with small sales of mess at $12,50 a 12,6½. Beef—Moderate. Sales were making at the full prices of yesterday. Lard—Small sales were making at full prices varying from 6¾a7½c, according to quality. Good Cheese was in steady demand for export, at 6a7½c.

☞ If you want the milk of human kindness thickened into the cream of benevolence, or the cream of benevolence transferred into the butter of beatitude, all you have to do is to fly around and do good. As Dobbs very justly says, there is more sunshine in one act of kindness, than in all July.

☞ In an old book of sermons, by an obscure divine of the name of Milsom, we are reminded that "it is one among the many proofs of the wisdom of Providence that the world was not *created in the midst of winter*, when Adam and Eve could have found nothing to eat; but in harvest time, when there was fruit on every tree and shrub to tempt the willing hand."

☞ During the joint stock mania of 1849, a wag in London advertised a company for draining the Red Sea, and recovering valuables dropped therein by the children of Israel in their passage, and

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1848.

Mr. Hart's Address. We have received a copy of the Address to the Literary Societies of Washington College, delivered last September, by John S. Hart, A. M., of this city. The subject of the Address is a comparison of the Past with the Present—in which the speaker shows that in all respects the present age is fully equal, if not superior to the past ages. Mr. Hart contrasts Alexander, Cæsar, Themistocles, Aristides, with Napoleon, Cromwell and Washington, and shows conclusively that the greatest of the ancients have their counterparts and equals among the moderns. Speaking of the injustice and violence of our present party politics, Mr. Hart says:

"Here, again, let us not be deceived by the apparent bulk of a present evil, or a false perspective in regard to those of former times. Before uttering a sweeping condemnation of our contemporaries, let us look for a moment at some of the facts of the case. A candidate for public office, it is said, is sure to be abused and misrepresented, whatever may be the purity of his motives, whatever the uprightness of his life. What man was ever more maligned than George Washington? Who ever used harder words than Martin Luther. What controvertist of modern times ever approached, in vulgar abuse, the philosophic author of Utopia, the urbane the learned, the witty Sir Thomas More? What are the Phillipics of Demosthenes but splendid tirades of abuse? What are the Cataline orations of Cicero, but the grossest personalities, outstripping in violence even a modern electioneering speech? What is Sallust's immortal history of the Cataline conspiracy, but an eloquent partisan tract, a political pamphlet, about as reliable for the verities of history as the biting sarcasms of Junius?"

Mr. Hart concludes as follows:

"If fifteen years of a not unstudious life, occupied almost exclusively with ancient learning, might be disposed to give any indication of taste for the pursuit, or of application of the subject, the mind so educated may be presumed to have a bias, rather favorable than otherwise, to the men and things of classical times. I yield to no one in reverence of what is great or good, whenever or wherever found. But, on the other hand, I have no patience with those who are ready to decry, without examination, whatever is new, whatever is American. I do verily believe that the present times are the best times; that physically, mentally, and morally the race is in a better condition in the year 1848, than in any one of the 1847 years that preceded it; that the aggregate amount of human knowledge, happiness and goodness is greater than it ever was before; that the race, so far from being retrograde, is moving both onward and upward—aye, and sunward, too, and that, of the eight hundred millions who are said to inhabit the globe, there are not elsewhere to be found twenty millions containing the same average amount of intelligence, comfort, taste, morals and refinement, as the twenty millions who call themselves 'The people of the United States of America.'"

The Union Magazine. The December number of the Union is embellished with a pretty engraving called "The Spirit of the Flower," one that will please the boys, of "The Bird Trap," and a Fashion Plate. The contributors are Mrs. Dorr, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Eames, Miss Brown, Mrs. Dana, Miss Lynch, Mrs. Embury, &c., &c. The editor, Mrs. Kirkland, continues her "Sight Seeing in Europe;" and Mrs. Osgood has a fragment from an unpublished poem on Woman, from which we make the following extract—it will be perceived that Mrs. Osgood is not a very ultra "Woman's rights" woman.

I plead not that she shares each sterner task
The bold reformers know not what they ask
I only seek for our transplanted fay,
That she may have—in all fair scope—her way.

I would not see th' aerial creature trip,
A blooming sailor up some giant ship,
Some man-of-war—to reef the topsail high—
Ah! rest your cords—and let the [illegible] fly!

Nor would I bid her quit her broidery frame,
A fairy blacksmith by the forge's flame;
No! be the fires she kindles only those
With which man's iron nature wildly glows.
"Strike while the iron's hot," with all your art,
But strike Love's anvil in his yielding heart!

Nor should our sylph her tone's low music strain,
A listening senate with her wit to chain,
To rival Choate in rich and graceful lore,
Or challenge awful Webster to the floor.
Like that rash wight who raised the rocket's [illegible],
And set a genius free the stars that bid.

Not thus forego the poetry of life,
The sacred names of mother, sister, wife!
Rob not the household hearth of all its glory,
Lose not those tones of musical delight,
All man has left, to tell him the sweet story
Of his remembered home—beyond the night.

Yet men too proudly use their tyrant power,
They chill the soft bloom of the fairy flower;
They bind the wing, that would but soar above,
In search of purer air and holier love,
They hush the heart that fondly pleads its wrong
In plaintive prayer or in impassioned song.

Smile on, sweet flower! soar on, enchanted wing!
Since she ne'er asks but for one [illegible] thing;
Since but one want disturbs the [illegible] day,
Why let the [illegible]

The Western Merchant. A narrative containing useful instruction for the Western man of business who makes his purchases in the East; also, information for the Eastern man whose customers are in the West. Likewise hints for those who design emigrating to the West, deduced from actual experience. By Luke Shortfield, a Western merchant, Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot & Co. This work emphatically belongs to that comparatively small number, which have been justly termed "books that are books." While, in one sense, it does not come up to the promise of its long title, in another sense, it goes far beyond it. While it contains hints and anecdotes by which Western and Eastern merchants, as well as emigrants, may be instructed, no labored effort is made to this end, as the title would seem to imply. The book is simply the biography of a Western merchant, who calls himself Luke Shortfield; and we think that the hero in telling his story, has set down very little that did not actually occur. The charm of the book, and that which makes it really and truly a book, and not a mere attempt at book-making—as nine-tenths of what purport to be books are—is the evident truthfulness and naturalness with which new scenes and characters are described. The Western merchant, and the Western country, are pictured to the reader evidently as they are. There is no attempt at fine writing, which disfigures so large a portion of American literature, but the author delivers "a plain, unvarnished tale." The history of nearly every man's life would be interesting, told in truth and fullness and simplicity—but the instant that the teller begins to add artificial charms to his narrative, the real charm departs forever.

In conclusion, we recommend this work to the business community, both East and West, in an especial manner. Merchants will enjoy this simple record of a merchant's life. Literary men also, however, would do well to peruse it, for it will strengthen them in the conviction that there is an enduring beauty in truth, simplicity and naturalness. High wrought fustian and extravagant declamation may live in hysterics for their brief hour, but the literature that endures, is the simple and the natural—that which is kindred to the eternal sunshine and the day, not that which is untrue to life and nature, in being a constant whirlwind and a perpetual storm.

Thirty Years Since; or, the Ruined Family. By G. P. R. James, Esq., author of works innumerable, New York: Harper & Brothers. Another volume by the indefatigable James. We wonder if there is any one person in the world who faithfully reads all Mr. James's new novels as they appear. We think we hear one faint voice reply to this question, "I don't do anything else." Looking at the opening of the present volume, we perceive that our author has put his "well-made youth, of about five-and-twenty, with firm, graceful, and yet powerful limbs, and a fresh and clear complexion," into a "hackney-coach," instead of on the "powerful steed," where he is usually located. This we consider quite a "come down," though perhaps intended to be in accordance with modern civilization. A little further on, Mr. James informs his "unlearned readers," (probably a very large proportion of them,) that "the sun rises, in the end of August, a few minutes after five in the morning." For which amazing piece of information, they undoubtedly will be very grateful. We do not make these remarks to depreciate Mr. James, however, for considering the number of books he feels it incumbent upon him to write yearly, we consider his performance extraordinary. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

Guide to Health and Long Life. By R. J. Culverwell, M. D. This volume professes to teach what to eat, what to drink, and what to avoid; what exercise to take, how to control the passions and appetites, &c., so that health may be secured and a happy and comfortable old age attained. This is all very well, and yet people in general lack one thing more than all this, and that is the will to do the right, after they are perfectly convinced what the right is. For sale by G. B. Zieber, Agent, Philadelphia.

Webster's School Chorister. By W. C. Webster. New York: S. Raynor. A choice collection of music, arranged to be sung by one, two, three and four voices; with a complete and thorough system of elementary instruction. Designed for public schools, academies, and select juvenile and adult classes. For sale by Messrs. Daniels & Smith, Phila.

The Thousand and One Nights. Harpers' beautiful serial edition of this work is now com-

Ladies' National Magazine. The National for December contains an engraving of "The Belle of the Fancy Ball," one of a "Lake Scene among the Adirondack Mountains," and a Fashion Plate. The contributions are "The Belle of the Fancy Ball," by Ellen Ashton, "The Cheerful Heart," by A. J. W., "The Dress Maker's Apprentice," by Caroline Orne, "Advertising for a Wife," by Harry Sunderland, &c., "Lost and Found," by Mrs. Stephens, is concluded. The following fine poem is by an often correspondent of the Post.

THE HEART'S APOSTLES.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Not through the Bishops of Eternal Rome
Wearing their purple in the Vatican,
Not through elaborate scroll and costly tome
Has the bright boon of faith come down to man;
Not through the great Reformers, who so long
Their fiery bolts against corruption hurled,
Oh! not through one of all this mighty throng
Has flowed the best religion of the world.

But in the gentle heart of woman kind,
Through the long ages has the truth been brought,
Their kindness has the world's rough heart refined,
Their words to mercy moulded human thought;
In the fond soul of woman never more
Has the eternal faith forgot to beat
Since the first Mary's arms the Saviour bore,
And Martha's sister worshipped at His feet.

Most faithful of the ministers of God,
Types of the angels as their shapes we dream,
Sisters of Mercy in the earth abroad,
The heart's apostles of a faith supreme;
Still keep, oh! woman, that most glorious work,
Teach back to man his long forgotten prayer,
And when our spirit's star grows dim and dark
Point to the Heaven above and win us there!

Paul Ardenheim, The Monk of Wissahikon. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. We have received from the publisher the first volume of a new romance by George Lippard—containing only 304 pages. As we are bound by our past controversy with and [illegible] of Mr. Lippard, to be very fair towards him, we must defer our criticism of his book until we have had time to examine whether there is less thunder and lightning in its style, and less infernal heat and fire in its characters and scenes, than have usually marked his romances.

French Assembly.

THE MEN OF FRANCE.

A Paris correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following animated account of some of the marked men of the French National Assembly:

There is Napoleon Bonaparte with face so like the pictures of his uncle, sitting half way up upon the right; and there, again, marching up the front, with heavy, careless step, and honest, ruddy, strongly marked face, is the lazy Mirabeau of the time—M. Berryer.

A strong, thickly set man, with round shoulders, short neck, black mustache and grey bushy hair, has now taken his seat under the canopy and rung his bell. He is laughing and chatting gaily with half a dozen who are grouped around him; it is the aspiring chief of the National—the adviser of the ministry, the President of the Assembly—the voluptuous Marrast.

At the end of the seat near by, a military looking man, in blue frock coat and with heavy colossal forehead, has just taken a modest place. His manner has been so quiet, you would not have observed him except for the crowd that now groups around him. You see the heavy head of Rochejaquelin in the company, and can see by the movement of his lips, that he is addressing the military men in the corner. The replies seem to be earnest, though quiet, and you catch glimpses of an occasional gesture of the hand, which is more like a sober English, than a lively French gesture.

And who is the man in the corner? Le General Cavaignac.

A tall man, with silver gray hair, in close buttoned frock-coat, and with dignified carriage, now walks in and places himself quietly in a low seat to the left; immediately the whisper circulates in the gallery; Voila Lamartine! While they are watching, he leaps over to have a word with his neighbor. The neighbor is stout, has grey hair, and a firm, honest, countryman's look. And who is it that greets Lamartine so cordially, and wears (from the gallery) such look of an honest countryman? It is Arago, the philosopher.

The house is now nearly full. Twice the President has rung his bell, and twice the huissiers have ordered the loitering representatives to their places. The report of yesterday's session is adopted, but in such noise of conversation and laughter that you can hear no word of the proceedings.

"Thiers!" "Thiers!" goes round the gallery. And a little, sleek, gray-headed man, in brown breeches, whose legs seem too short for his body, waddles up the hall, nodding to this one, and shaking hands with that one, and smiling about him, till at length he is in his place, his head leaning on his hand, and the debate is about to commence.

Two or three are in waiting at the foot of the tribune, and look appealingly for their turn toward the President. At length one mounts, and, leaning over the tribune, attempts to make his voice heard above the whispers, and chattings, and movements in the hall. But if he is a dull speaker, or an unknown speaker, or an unpopular speaker, or his topic be unimportant, the attempt will be utterly vain. In vain the easy, happy-looking Marrast will put on a scowl of authority; in vain the huissiers will rap upon the railing; in vain the orator's friends will cry out order. His words come to the distant quarters of the hall only in feeble gasps of sounds, and the murmur of the talk below, and the earnest, eager voices above, drowns it all. Sometimes a sentiment is caught up by some disputatious listener in the gallery and rebutted, and another comes to the rescue, and you are relieved by a little lively debate at your elbow. The poor orator labors on, unconscious of the little side play, and the President relieves his conscience by an occasional tug at the bell.

Presently some person makes his appearance at the foot of the tribune more welcome than the rest. The whisper circulates in the gallery, "It is Barrot," or "it is Rollin." A little silence gains place. The attendant places a fresh glass of water; the Representatives who have been chatting, put on an air of attention. The President rings his bell with more confidence, and the orator will begin with quiet listeners. For a time every word will reach you. But quiet is not the habit of the French. A word, a thought, a slip of the tongue, a sneer, is seized upon to relieve the irksomeness of continuous listening, and the Assembly unburdens itself by a noisy adhesion or a noisy hilarity.

Again the tinkling of the bell—again the thundering voices of the huissiers—and a temporary silence gives new force to the speaker, and new unrest to the Assembly.

If the speaker be earnest and violent, a lapse of quiet will be followed by a storm of "sensation," which means an indescribable uproar of voices that yield only to the exhausted lungs of the members. Toward the close of the "sensation," you will hear the dinging of the President's bell, and the outcry of the attendants, and presently again the violent intonations of the speaker.

So the Assembly rocks on, hour after hour, from quiet to clamor, and from clamor back to quiet.

If a speaker really enchain the Assembly, as Thiers, and Lamartine, and Barrot, and Rollin, and Berryer will sometimes do, then follows inevitably a little recess, to work off the uneasy feeling of patient quietude, and to put on again the old habit of chat and of clamor.

The declaration of a vote, too, involves an immense amount of forbearance. It is a matter which unfortunately every one desires to hear, and the silence which precedes the announcement, is, for a French Assembly, absolutely oppressive.

As the painted urns make their appearance over the edge of the tribune, the talk is general. The absent members throng in at the door. The tickets click within the urns. The huissiers glide around stealthily as cats. Members cross and recross, and anticipate, and grow nervous, and the galleries make bets and dispute threateningly.

At length the votes are all in. The committees are at their work. Talk grows noisier and noisier. In the midst sounds the President's bell. The order goes forth "To your places." The President rings again and grows impatient; shrugs his shoulders. The huissiers shout "silence," as if their lungs were brazen. The cry is repeated at the foot of the tribune, and at the foot of the hall and in the galleries above. Finally the uproar subsides into noisy talk; the noisy talk dies into chat; chat expires into murmured whispers; the whispers grow less and less frequent; the President makes a final demand, taps his bell, lifts his paper, looks around, raises his eyebrows, shrugs his shoulders, taps his bell again, and declares the vote.

A moment after and the Assembly is itself again—the same noisy, bustling, stirring, restless, everbeating heart of France. So it goes on, throbbing still, within its stone walls, and within its sentinelled gates, upon the banks of the Seine.

Something New.—A new kind of Life Preserver has been brought forward in New York, the inventors of which claim for it the following advantages:

"A person wearing one of these life preservers can carry from fifty to one hundred lbs. in addition to their person, and float four persons in the water, without sinking, and can take no other position on the water, except with the head and shoulders entirely above the water.

"The entire person, save the face, is enclosed by an Indian rubber dress, parts of which are inflated, enabling the wearer to float in an erect, or sleep in a reclining posture, or with paddles which are attached, propel himself at the rate of three miles per hour. His person is kept entirely dry, and the heat of his body so retained, that he is warm and comfortable, when floating on the water in cold weather."

☞ In the list of 917 voters in the town of Hingham, Mass., there are only 239 different names. There are 51 Herseys, 42 Cushings, 38

General News.

A Pill Machine.—A pill machine is exhibited—a wonderful little catch, roll and snap apparatus. It can grind out pills by the hundred, and as a gentleman observed, it was just the thing for our people. The dough for the pills is fed into a hopper and it is then cut into pill form by a small revolving wheel with its periphery full of moulds which drops them as it revolves, and they are then rubbed and doused over with pill dust and fitted for the boxing operation. A couple of grooved rollers to feed in the dough, cutting it off at pill distances would form the pill faster, but taking this machine for all in all, it is unique.—*Scientific American.*

The Cholera.—The Asiatic Cholera proves by dissection, the Medical Examiner says, to be the inflammation and ulceration of the various membrane of the bowels. The contents of the stomach and intestines ferment and putrify, vomiting, and swelling of the abdomen quickly follow, and the patient sinks. Dr. Maxwell, of Calcutta, says he cured himself by copious drafts of effervescent soda powders in cold water; that he afterwards saved many a life by the same treatment. He says that no remedy will avail except relieving the bowels of the fermenting contents, and if this be not done gently, it will be fatal.

Deafness.—James Yearsley, an English surgeon, has discovered, according to the Medical Examiner, a curious and efficient mode of relief for deafness resulting from scarlet fever, &c., in cases where the drum of the ear has been broken. It is simply to moisten a small pellet of raw cotton, and gently push it down the passage of the ear till it reaches the drum at the bottom; adjusting it till it produces the best hearing. This adjusting is necessary, else it may make the deafness at first only greater. Moisture is indispensable. The cotton should be changed every morning.—Many other cases are cited in proof.

Ruta Bagas.—Some how, and we have really never heard the reason fully explained, the Ruta Baga is pretty generally taking the place of the Mangul Wurtzel and Sugar Beet. Several farmers inform us that they *prefer* it to the beet, and that is about all the satisfaction we have received.—We presume, however, that the real cause is, that while the Ruta Baga is raised with less risk and no more expense and is equally productive, it is wholesomer food for stock, that is, it is not of so laxative a nature as the beet, which generally causes cattle to scour to a dangerous degree.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Nice Point.—The Law Reporter for this month goes against a late decision of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, wherein the Court held that a bond, executed and delivered on Sunday, was void, because contrary to the statute which prohibits the doing of any labor or business, except that of necessity or charity on the Lord's Day. The writer says if this decision is correct, the contract of marriage, which is neither a work of necessity or charity in all cases, if performed on the Sabbath, is void, and the issue of such marriage consequently illegitimate.

The Whole or None.—The Duc de Bordeaux, who is the legitimate heir in the direct line of the Bourbons, to the French throne—but that has vanished away—announces that he will not be a candidate for the *Presidency*, that if ever the French people call him he will be King of France, or nothing. He has not learned that it is not his will, but that of thirty five thousand Frenchmen which will decide these little matters. But the sons of Kings, and Bourbons in particular, never forget anything or learn anything.

Cavalier Money.—A person in England, lately rummaging among his family documents, found written on the back of an old deed some words indicating that a pot of gold was buried in a certain place in the garden. It was at first regarded as a hoax, but on digging up the spot, an iron pot came to light containing 15,000 guineas, and a scrap of parchment, much decayed, on which was written, "The Devil shall have it sooner than Cromwell."

Astor's Personal Property.—The personal property of the late John Jacob Astor, according to a paragraph in the Globe, is ascertained to amount to the immense sum of four millions and ninety-five thousand dollars! This is exclusive of the houses, lands, &c., constituting his real estate.

High Church and Low Church.—The parish church of Whitby, England, is situated on an acclivity, approachable only by a flight of 194 steps. A new church has just been opened for the benefit of the old, infirm and sickly, who could not climb the height.

Expensive Courting.—At a late Court of Common Pleas at Zanesville, Mary McClelland recovered a verdict of $4,000 against John Vandervert, for a breach of promise of marriage.

Facetious.—A person advertises in Philadelphia, for "a respectable woman, either a *widow* or *an orphan*, about the age of 30, to do the work of a small family of three persons."

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 130—adults 59, and children 71.

Clippings.

☞ General Radetzky has shot sixteen Hungarians, for mutiny. His army wish to leave Italy.

☞ Complaining of adverse fortune, keeps fortune adverse. A happy disposition to improve opportunities, sooner or later, I believe, never fails of success.

☞ A Washington correspondent says that Mrs. Polk has come North, to buy furniture for a new mansion in Tennessee.

☞ If 112 pounds make one hundred weight, how many will make your wife wait?

☞ The Duke of Wellington, now in his 80th year, was out on a shooting excursion, the other day, in Windsor Forest, with his Royal Highness, Prince Albert.—*London Letter.*

☞ Colonel Seymour says that the Mexicans offered $100 apiece for Colt's revolvers during the war; and this destructive arm is considered a great curiosity among them.

☞ The concise adage that *old birds are not caught with chaff*, is sententiously paraphrased by the axiom—"experienced warblers are rarely made prisoners by the husks of grain."

☞ Keys, the Baltimore Post Office robber, had the good sense to invest the fruits of his villany in real estate, and thus nearly the whole of the $15,000 stolen has been recovered in property. He retired from business only three weeks before his detection.

☞ Junius Smith has gone to the South for the purpose of propagating the tea plant. He expects to sell first chop at 6 cents a pound.

☞ A letter from Bermuda, dated the 12th of September, says that John Mitchel "is a poor, miserable, broken-hearted looking creature, and in wretched health. He is not set to work with other convicts; indeed, he is not fit for it."

☞ Queen Victoria, having learned that a little child, three years of age, was saved from the wreck of the Ocean Monarch, and that no trace of its family could be discovered, has taken charge of, and intends to protect and educate it at her own expense.

☞ We find the following paragraph in one of our exchanges, which settles one of the great mooted questions of the day:

"Dr. Hare, in the September number of Silliman's Journal, says that saltpetre will explode, when melted with sugar, as it probably was at the great New York fire."

☞ The "Mirror of Fashion" says, that waistcoats, after the fashion of Robespierre, namely, white and double-breasted, with very wide lappels, are greatly patronized, especially by the young republicans.

☞ Genius will never be neglected by the public unless it neglects itself; it must not disdain the humble alliance of industry. How can it expect encouragement, unless its existence can be manifested by performance? The surest evidence of superior talent is, that it forces itself into notice in spite of adverse circumstances, that it makes a road where it finds none.

☞ Cooper is busy completing his "Historical and Philosophical Account of Society in the Middle States," to appear in a brace of octavos, which will show that there are two sides to the position that all the liberties and intelligence of the country comes from New England.

☞ Madame Josephine Weiss, the directess of the Viennoise children, has invested $17,000 in Government stock.

☞ The boa constrictor in Barnum's Museum, New York, died recently. He cost $1,500.

☞ Mar Johannan, who visited this country with the Rev. Mr. Perkins, some years since, has been excommunicated from the Nestorian Church for his adherence to the more evangelical forms of Christianity, which he has adopted, since he became acquainted with the missionaries.

☞ Prescott has nearly completed his history of Philippe II.

☞ Mrs. Kirkland is busy upon a book of Sight Seeing in Europe.

☞ A bold boy was proudly riding a fiery horse. A wild bull called out to the horse: "For shame to let yourself be governed by a boy." "And why not," said the horse; "what honor would it be to me to throw a boy?"

☞ There has been lately established in Paris an office for the insurance of the lives of horses,

☞ It is stated that the segars smoked in the United States amount to $10,000,000 annually. This expense, great as it is, is incurred by boys and young men principally, and would support 50,000 of their number in the process of obtaining a liberal education, at $200 per annum.

☞ There can be nothing much more unpleasant to a lady than the accidental fall of a false ringlet in the presence of her lover.

☞ The Jews are now admitted to the full enjoyment of all their rights in the Roman States.

☞ A Down-East paper spoke one day of the "illustrious Rufus Griswold." The next it corrected itself by saying for "illustrious" read "industrious." That's a mistake with a difference.

☞ A correspondent of the Lady's Newspaper says he has never been able to obtain a solution of the following enigma. Can any one assist him?

My first is the terror of ladies on land,
My second the terror of sailors on water,
My whole has a warehouse of terrors on hand,
Which sailors don't fear, and which ladies run after.

☞ The London Morning Post says that the recent revolutions on the continent have caused such large quantities of diamonds to be sent to England, that it has become difficult to sell those jewels.

☞ The following is from an old correspondent, who desires an answer:

I am just two and two,
I am hot, I am cold,
I am parent of numbers
That never were told,
I am lawful, unlawful,
A duty, a fault,
I am often sold dear,
Good for nothing when bought.

☞ We lately heard a lady say—speaking of a very eloquent political orator of the city of Philadelphia—"I have listened to him frequently through long addresses, and have never known him to be in want of a word except once, *and then he used the right one.*"—*Germantown Telegraph.*

☞ It is now positively announced, without any equivocation, doubt or uncertainty, that Father Mathew is coming to this country, *when he gets ready.*

☞ Theodore Parker, in a late sermon, said that the grandfathers of many men, who now-a-days are studying heraldry to get at their patent of nobility, had not even *a coat to their arms.*

☞ In the list of letters, as published in Washington, there is one for "the handsomest gentleman in Washington." There have been several applications by exquisites, but the clerks of the Post Office have been unable to decide to whom they shall deliver the letter, not yet having received from the Post Master General instructions as to what shall constitute the standard of beauty.

☞ Whose son are you, my little boy? I ain't no body's son just now. I'm Mr. Thompson's nephew.

☞ Observe the fine humanity of Shakspeare in that his sneerers are all worthless villains. Too cunning to attach value to self praise, and unable to obtain approval from those whom they are compelled to respect, they propitiate their own self-love by disparaging and lowering others.

☞ "I hate to hear people talk behind one's back," as the robber said when the constable called "Stop thief!"

☞ The government of Ireland has always been a ticklish subject for English statesmen. A letter from Charles I. to the Duke of Buckingham in 1626, contains the following quaint passage:—"As for news, I can say but little yet. Yrland beinge the onlie egge, we have yet sitten upon, and having a thicke shell, we have not yet hatched it."

☞ There is quite a matrimonial epidemic at Poughkeepsie, New York, just now; in one church it is said, there is scarcely a marriageable couple left. We see it stated in an exchange also, that at a place called Adelaide, respectable females are in such demand in the marriage market, that when people get good servants, they are afraid to let them go to church or chapel, lest the result should be an engagement.

☞ Small debts, says Dr. Johnson, are like small shot; they are rattling on every side, and can scarcely be escaped without a wound; great debts are like a cannon, of loud noise, but of little danger.

☞ General Rapp was aide-de-camp to Bonaparte. He once ushered a dark looking Corsican to his presence, and took care to hold the door open while the interview lasted. When questioned by Bonaparte why he did this, "because," replied Rapp, "I don't put much trust in your Corsicans." This blunt remark caused much amusement.

☞ Place a garden snail upon a pane of glass, and in drawing itself along, it will frequently produce sounds similar to those of musical glasses.

☞ It is not an easy thing to edit a paper, but it is one of the easiest in the world, to abuse a paper.

☞ The atrocious custom of burning American reprints of British works, practised at the Custom Houses in New Brunswick, (and probably other British colonies) has been abolished, and such reprints are now admitted at a duty of 20 per cent., which is payable to the British author.

☞ It is said that there is a writer in London so funny that he is forbidden by law to write any humorous article or even to crack a joke, because by so doing he has caused many unfortunate men to split with laughter, tear suits of clothes, and so forth. What is more, he appreciates his own fun, and so when he feels very funny, he is obliged to go out of town, to tell over his jokes and laugh it out all to himself. He has no relatives in this country.

☞ Glory has one of the properties of heat—that it is with great difficulty communicated downward. The rank and file are bound to be satisfied, if they return from a war with all their pay and half their limbs.

☞ The State of Ohio is now in her sixty-first year, or rather it is now sixty-one years since the first white citizen moved into what is now that State.

☞ Encke's comet was seen on Friday week, by an observer in Brooklyn, who describes it as "a large light, twelve or fifteen feet in length, about two feet wide, and in color resembling a faint gas light."

☞ A person offers a reward in the New York Journal of Commerce, for the recovery of a "*square black lady's bonnet box*, lost from the baggage car of the Philadelphia train." We hope the "square black lady" has found her box.

Ye books! which roam over the world,
And many from over the sea,
Ye are so unacquainted with man,
Your conversation is shocking to me.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 3d to the 13th November.

November 3, received from			
I McKelvy	6 00	Mrs K Gladding	1 00
I Snyder	1 00	J S Tucker	1 00
J M Wells	1 00	J B Carr	2 00
N Borap	3 00	H C Barton	2 00
J P Toole	2 00	Mrs C H Cooper	2 00
B Greeman	5 00	Mrs E L Grove	2 00
N Wilkins	20 00	T B Lockwood & Co	10 00
A Bunner	2 00	A G & D Spencer	10 00
I A Breck	2 00	C K Harvey & Co	5 00
Dr M C Jones	2 00		
November 4.			
A J Bayliss	97 00	Mary G Lewis	1 00
C W Sartori	29 00	W A Pierce	25 00
W Rice	3 00	W Williams	1 00
J L James	5 00	Miss L C Deas	2 00
Dr L Wallace	2 00	Mrs A W Hart	2 00
C W Richards	5 00	R & J Halstead	10 00
W L Ferguson	1 00	N P Worstell Jr	1 00
J S Lubold	5 00	P H Green & Co	15 00
R C Burns & Co	7 00	Mrs E N Field	2 00
November 6.			
C W James	40 00	Mrs A Scott	3 00
T B Peterson	4 00	Mrs J H Wilson	5 00
P W Levering	2 00	Mrs S I Gibony	3 00
C S Rowley	21 50	W Lowe	1 50
F F Snow	5 00	E & C Mead	10 00
C Daniels	1 00	W P Peel & Co	15 00
Maj H Edmunds	2 00	S & H Kane	10 00
J Forree & Co	5 00	Dr J A Wright	2 00
Jas Johnston	5 00		
November 7.			
R T King	1 37	Miss E C Lailey	2 00
J C Whitson	5 00	F & H Shater	5 00
Mrs A Stone	5 00	A & H Keyes	10 00
Rachel C Kimball	2 00	C B Smith Jr	2 00
J J Brown	10 00	L D Pomroy & Co	13 00
J N Snallenberger	24 00	Miss M L Snicker	2 00
Sarah H Way	2 00	J B Fisher & Co	10 00
November 8.			
J Worthington	1 00	Mrs E Methall	2 00
W McMillan	1 00	Charlotte Vedder	1 00
S Tompkins	3 00	W Draper	50
G Dialogue	2 00	G Ashbaugh	1 00
B C Reeves	2 00	J Johnson	2 00
J A Leiter	2 00	W M Hickman	1 00
A P Bilyea	2 00	G W Baxter	2 00
F Bohrer	2 00	J H Leedom	1 00
Dr Chamberlain	2 00	I E Lomberry	50
Mrs E Harmon	50	J H Turner	2 00
E Earp	2 00	G W Hickman	2 00
J B Newman	2 00	C Curtis	2 00
J H Mason	1 00	J L Emmons & Co	20 00
R H Naves	2 00	J Graham	2 00
J C Shute	1 00	C J Kerr	5 00
J Byerly	1 00	M Churchman	2 00
Miss M J King	2 00	T P Batchelder	5 00
November 9.			
Miss M Provost	2 00	S C A T Wallace	5 00
J M Butler	2 00	Mrs E T Lang	2 00
J Wetham	2 00	Miss H C Moore	2 00
G W Tryon	2 00	Mrs M C Thomas	4 00
J Ingraham	1 00	H L Hays & Co	10 00
C J Lee	2 00	P & W D Dennis	15 00
J R Steddons	20 00	R W Betts Jr	2 00
G Stout	1 00	Mrs J S March	2 00
C B Wade & Co	10 00		
November 10.			
Ira Pim	2 00	C P Hunting	2 00
W M Bell	5 00	J L Dillon	2 00
R Morris & Co	3 75	Mrs H C Bond	2 00
J F Shoot	6 00	Miss A M Draper	2 00
F W Huggins	2 00	J C Kyle & Co	10 00
F Shepherd	13 00	W L Bommant & Co	15 00
I A Eby	1 00	L & G Green	5 00
Asa Taft	1 00	W A B Boggs	7 00
J Holt	1 00	C P Lukes & Co	10 00
November 11.			
E J Rider	1 37	G T Hubbard	21 00
J Dudbridge	2 00	W A Hardison	5 00
S D Patterson	71 00	Mrs C M Brown	2 00
R U Lowder & Co	7 00	Miss J M Hutton	4 00
W W Thomas	1 25	C H Abert	2 00
Miss M E Cook	2 00	Miss L C Riley	2 00
J E Angle	8 00	R R Cheesley	2 00
E B Hall & Co	5 00	L H McGarvey	2 00
November 13.			
W L Bowker	5 00	W Raphael	2 00
F Lewis	2 00	J H Sickeld	5 00
E A Boynton	2 00	T Child	2 00
J E Ely	2 00	J Morrison	25
J F Fannan	10 00	N W Robinson & Co	15 00
W Virts Jr	2 00	A D Winston Jr	5 00
J H Prince	2 00	Mrs C E McLeod	2 00
J C Reynolds	10 00	Miss E P Kelly	2 00
J Richards	2 00	Mrs A E Dodd	2 00
	5 00	R & L Clark	5 00

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE CURES EVER RECORDED.

Waldoboro', Maine, July 30, 1845.

Dear Sir: Having experienced great benefit from your invaluable medicine, I feel it my duty and privilege to let the world know what it has done for me. Possessed of a strong constitution naturally, I had enjoyed perfect health previous to the spring of 1843, when I was troubled with a difficulty in my left side, attended with considerable pain. Sometime in July I was violently attacked with a cough which continued until fall; then I was confined to the house eight months, during which [illegible] was very severe. I frequently had spells of coughing which lasted two hours; daily raised large quantities of disagreeable matter, accompanied with blood. Sometimes I raised a quart of blood at a time. I consulted three physicians, all of whom did their best to restore me; gave me up; said they could do no more for me, I must die; it was impossible for me to live but a short time. One of them said my lungs were gone. At this critical moment when eminent physicians had exhausted their skill, friends despaired of my life, my own hope of recovery at an end, I resorted to

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

When I had taken one and a half bottles, those severe spells of coughing were removed. I continued taking the Balsam until spring, 1844, when I ceased to bleed at the lungs, my health and strength improved so that I left the house, but was not able to work for a year. Now my health is good. I am able to do a day's work every day on my farm. JAMES COMERY.

Witness: THOMAS BENNER.

See Dr. Wistar's Treatise on Consumption, to be had of the agents, gratis.

None genuine, unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

Caution.—The *original and only genuine* Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry was introduced in the year 1838. For ten years it has proved more efficacious as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption in its incipient stages than any other medicine. In consequence of its unbounded popularity this article has been extensively counterfeited. Remember, *the original and only genuine article* always bears the written signature of I. Butts on the outside wrapper. Originally prepared by Williams & Co., Philadelphia. Now prepared and sold wholesale and retail only by Seth W. Fowle, Boston, Mass., to whom all orders should be addressed, and for sale by his agents, Chas. Shaffer, 215 Market st., Fredk. Brown, corner Fifth and Chesnut, and Geo. K. Smith & Co., 294 North Second street, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

Nov 1848.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
25 Saturday,	7 15	4 45	1 50	
26 Sunday,	7 15	4 45	2 29	D H M
27 Monday,	7 16	4 44	3 18	
28 Tuesday,	7 17	4 43	4 4	
29 Wednesday,	7 18	4 42	4 52	First 4 1 18
30 Thursday,	7 19	4 41	5 40	Full 10 8 50
1 Friday,	7 19	4 41	6 29	Last 17 3 17
2 Saturday,	7 20	4 40	7 16	New 25 4 41

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock	12 o'clock	3 o'clock
Nov. 12,	40	42	42
13,	39	42	43
14,	34	43	46
15,	43	50	49
16,	40	50	52
17,	45	48	48
18,	40	44	44

Married,

On the 15th inst. by Friends' Ceremony, J. Thomas Harbor, to Rebecca E. Furman, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Mintzer, Rector of St. James' Parsonage, Perkiomen, Montgomery county, Wm. Wolbert, of Spring Garden, to Miss Eliza, daughter of John Speakman, Esq. of Rising Sun Village, Philadelphia county.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Cuthbert Warner, to Miss Maria, daughter of Geo. Ott, all of Spring Garden.

At Harrisonville, N. J. on the 14th inst. by the Rev. Chas. Keine, George Van Buren, of Philadelphia, to Mary Haines, of N. J.

On the 16th inst. at the White Hall Hotel, 285 Market street, by Ald. J. Mitchell, Emmor Taylor, to Phebe A. Morrison, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 16th inst. at the White Hall Hotel, 285 Market street, by Ald. J. Mitchell, Azariah Bane, to Catharine Logue, both of Delaware county, Pa.

On the 16th instant, at the same place, by the same, Geo. W. Taggart, to Margaretta Garrett, both of Chester county, Pa.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. George Lacey, Mr. George B. Scofield, of Chester county, Pa. to Miss Caroline M. Scofield, of this city.

On the 15th instant, at St. Andrew's Church, by the Rev. Wm. B. Stevens, D. D., Wm. F. Parry, to Caroline S. Moore, daughter of Thomas Lord, Esq. all of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D. D., Joseph S. Ropes, of Boston, to Anna E. daughter of the late John W. Penn, of this city.

On the 13th inst. by Ald. J. Apple, Ferdinand A. Wyer, M. D. to Louisa Alexander, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the same, Wm. Darlington, to Miss Mary Cullin, both of the city of Philadelphia.

On the 16th inst. by the same, Wm. Sherman, to Miss Elizabeth Snyder, both of the county of Philadelphia.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Kempton, Andrew D. Hasley, to Mary P. daughter of Joseph S. Walter, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. J. W. McMaster, Mr. Edwin Bowers, to Miss Eliza J. Cotton, of Kensington.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Edwin B. Snyder, to Miss Emily Patton, all of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, D. D. Alex. Fulton, formerly of this city, but now of Baltimore, to Mary B. Walmsley, of Southwark.

Died,

On the 16th inst. Robert Morrison, aged 48.

On the 16th inst. Harriet Fenner, aged 4 years and 5 months.

On the 17th inst. Christiana Elizabeth Kornpayer, aged 81 years.

On the 17th inst. Anna Margaret, daughter of Nathan C. and Eleanor B. Coates, aged 6 years and 10 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Wm. H. Vanderslice, aged 24 years.

On the 16th inst. Wm. Everitt, aged 64 years.

On the 16th inst. Elizabeth Abbott, daughter of Dr. Jos. Pancoast, aged 23 months.

On the 17th inst. Francis, son of Edward and Rosina McWilliams, aged 3 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. John Hamilton, aged 48.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Hannah Templin, aged 80.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth, wife of Fred. Offerman, aged 48 years.

On the 14th inst. Hester, widow of the late G. W. Morgan, aged 60 years.

On the 15th inst. Miss Catharine, daughter of Eli and Mary Read, aged 21 years.

On the 15th inst. Ann, wife of Geo. R. Harmstead, aged 52 years.

In Newtown, (near Radnor Church,) Del. county, on the 11th inst. Thos. Beaumont, aged 90 years.

On the 15th inst. Miss Sarah Eliza, daughter of Wm. Davidson, Esq. deceased.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Margaret Meredith, aged 69 years.

On the 15th inst. Wm. W. Vallee, aged 39 years.

On the 15th inst. Mr. John Mitchell, aged 76.

On the 14th inst. Emeline S. Conard.

On the 15th inst. at Bristol, Bucks county, Mrs. Rebecca Van Zandt, aged 72 years.

On the 14th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Gilbert, aged 63.

On the 14th inst. Mr. James Dawson, aged 58.

On the 14th inst. Geo. L. Stewart, aged 21 years.

On the 14th inst. Blanche Mildred, daughter of Jas. and Eliza Burns, aged 2 years and 9 months.

On the 13th inst. Mrs. Harriet Chaffin, aged 65.

On the 14th inst. Samuel Wilson, aged 46 years.

On the 14th inst. Lewis A. Knowles, aged 3 years and 8 months.

On the 14th inst. Hannah, wife of Thomas Wood.

On the 13th inst. Sarah Chapman, aged 5 years.

On the 14th inst. Amanda Melvina, daughter of Jacob and Lydia A. Hill, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. Augustus S. Conklin, aged 10 mos.

On the 15th inst. Mrs. Sarah McCormick, aged 53.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, November 25, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	12 dis
Girard do.	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1 dis
Carlisle	1 dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	35 dis
Susquehanna county	2 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis
N Hope Del Bridge	90 dis
Yard Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	2 dis
Salisbury	
Frederick county	1 dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far and Millers bk	no sale
DIST OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	½ dis
Canal bk, Albany,	40 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
James bank	1 dis
Atlas bank	10a 85 dis
State bk—Saugerties	1
Northern Ex bk	1 dis
Country banks	1 dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	2 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branch	1a1½ dis
Far Bk & branch	1a1½
Valley Bk & branch	do dis
Ex Bk & branch	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk of Mil	2 dis
Georgia R R Co	2 dis
Ruckersville Bkg Co	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	2 dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO	
Bank of Wooster	80 dis
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	2½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	4½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

ROOT AGAIN TRIUMPHANT!—Silver Medal awarded by the Franklin Institute for the best Daguerreotypes.—Root's Gallery continues to add to its reputation, for the best and most beautiful likenesses that the bright sun has ever placed between gold and silver. The interest in these striking developments of the magical art continues to increase; and M. A. Root's rooms are daily thronged by the fashion, beauty and taste of the city. His specimens, at the Franklin Institute, elicited universal admiration, and must be seen to be appreciated.

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Instruments, and Daguerreotype Stock of every description constantly on hand, and for sale at fair prices. Instructions given in the art. For further information, address, post paid, M. A. ROOT, a4-tf 140 Chesnut street.

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R. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Mississippi.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in Penna.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

JUSTUS WHITE, do. do. in New York and Canada.

GEO. H. BAXTER, do. do. in Illinois.

J. L. SPROGLE, do. do. in Ohio, &c.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE, FOR 1849.

NO MAGAZINE THAT HAS EVER ISSUED from the Magazine press of this country, can compare with what the proprietors of "Graham's Magazine" intend making their's in

THE FORTHCOMING VOLUME,

which will commence on the first of January, 1849.

They have nothing to say in disparagement of the claims of other publishers, but are content with knowing that no publication equal to their's can possibly be presented, and feel confident that this is the award which an enlightened public will render when the fruit of their labors shall appear.

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TO REMOVE ALL DOUBTS as to which Magazine contains the most reading and embellishments the subscriber submits the following. This is performance and not promises. It is ridiculous for the publisher of any other magazine to say he gives as much reading (embellishments are not claimed) as THE LADY'S BOOK, when the plain statement of facts prove the contrary. Godey does not give one handsome No. at the commencement and one at the conclusion of the year, but they are all equally as good. It will also be perceived that with the Lady's Book, the subscriber, who sends $5, also receives the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, which contains as much matter as a 48 page magazine, making 3 publications in one month, and equal to two magazines.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK AND THE OTHER MAGAZINES.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for 1848, contained as follows:

The January No. 72 pages.
The February, March, April, May, June, July, August and September, each 60 pages.
October, November, December, each 72 pages.

The New York Magazines contained only 48 pages each month, and no other Magazine published, either here or elsewhere, contained over 60 pages in every month, excepting January, and some months only 48. The public can draw their own conclusions as to which Magazine contains the most reading.

Every No. of Godey, for 1848, has contained three engravings on steel, and two months, four. No other Magazine has contained this number.

Every No. of Godey, for 1848, has been embellished with a colored Plate of Fashions. No other Magazine has approached this.

Every "Godey" contains a beautiful piece of Music, printed separately on tinted paper. No other Magazine has this feature.

Every No. contains from 10 to 15 engravings on wood, illustrative of some useful female accomplishment, which no other Magazine has.

We subjoin a few notices—an equal number from as many different papers will be found in Godey's Weekly of this week.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

The Lady's Book is the best magazine of the day, and one we would recommend to all lovers of literature, and more especially to our fair readers.—*Columbia Reporter.*

In point of beauty and elegance, Godey's Lady's Book is superior to any other magazine published.—*Gazette, [illegible].*

The Lady's Book has and well deserves the reputation of being the best of the monthlies.—*[illegible]*

It is well known that The Lady's Book takes the lead of all others, and the publisher is well known as the oldest and most successful in the United States.—*Patriot, Athens.*

No wonder that this magazine has become the great favorite of American readers, for it richly merits the distinction.—*Telegraph, [illegible].*

We have already stated that we considered The Lady's Book superior to any other magazine; and with Mrs. Hale for editor, and Godey for manager, it ought to be.—*[illegible]*

It is the Book among all publications of its character in this country, at any rate the Ladies think so, and that is enough.—*[illegible]*

We believe the improvement in architecture, taste in model cottages is mainly attributable to him. He is a public benefactor.—*[illegible]*

The Lady's Book, without doubt, stands at the head of all works of the kind in this country. It is an excellent publication.—*[illegible]*

Godey's Lady's Book should be in the hands of every lady in the country. It is the triumph of the art of magazine making. We advise all our lady friends to take "Godey."—*City Item.*

We have no hesitation in pronouncing The Lady's Book the very first literary work in the Union in all respects.—*Democratic Expounder, Marshall.*

Of all the magazines published in the Union, Godey's is truly the Lady's Book.—*[illegible]*

The Lady's Book is at the head of its class. We have long since regarded it as having arrived at that point of perfection beyond which artistic skill cannot pass.—*Republican, [illegible].*

If there is a better magazine published in the world, we should like to hear of it. But it is doubtful if a magazine could be produced with more perfection as regards embellishments and superior productions of literature in prose and poetry.—*Herald, [illegible].*

This distinguished periodical's most fascinating combination of literature and art, has become the popular magazine on both sides of the Atlantic. We do not hesitate to recommend Godey's Lady's Book as the most valuable and interesting work of the day, particularly for ladies.—*Herald, Kingston.*

We recommend the Lady's Book in preference to all other magazines, as a work containing better and more substantial reading, more of it, and fairer embellishments, than any magazine with which we are acquainted.—*Democrat, Montrose.*

It is a fine magazine; every lady ought to take it. It contains many practical lessons, which will aid in moulding and fashioning the conduct in after years.—*Intelligencer, Greensburg.*

Compare the work with any other, and see which contains the most solid as well as pleasant reading matter.—*[illegible]*

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Single No. 25 cents.

1 copy, 1 year, $3, which includes the Lady's Dollar Newspaper. Address, L. A. GODEY,
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JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

STOVES, STOVES.—The subscriber offers for sale a large and complete assortment of STOVES for Cooking or Heating. Among the Cook Stoves will be found the Genuine Kisterbock Stove, (for sale at no other store in the city,) which has been so much approved of by housekeepers for its great utility. Also, a great variety of other Cook Stoves for wood or coal. Stoves for Churches, stores, parlors, &c. Warm Air Furnaces for dwellings, &c., constructed on a new plan. Old Iron Stoves taken in exchange.
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N. B.—Omnibuses run from the exchange past the factory every few minutes. WM. D. ROGERS.

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BEST AND CHEAPEST FOR 1849.

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In our January number we shall show what can be done. Beautiful and costly as others may be, we fear no rivalry, and throw down the gauntlet to the field. Let no person subscribe to any other magazine until they have seen our January number, which will be ready by the first of December.

NEW CORPS OF CONTRIBUTORS.

Several new contributors of talent have been engaged for next year, which will relieve this magazine from the reproach so frequently brought against others, of being filled only with hackneyed writings of worn out contributors. *We shall thus be able to give* [illegible] *to our Magazine for 1849.*

THRILLING NOUVELLETTES.

In addition to our domestic sketches, stories of the heart, tales of manners, &c., we shall publish several nouvellettes, chiefly confined to illustrating the days of '76, those times that tried men's souls. Among these is a thrilling one, entitled "Martin Rudolph," founded on the legend, that a Captain in Lee's Legion went to France after the Revolution, entered the French army under another name, and rose to be the great *Marshal Ney.* This curious and absorbing narrative is alone worth the subscription price. A tale, entitled "Philadelphia in 1776," illustrated by mezzotints, will be furnished by Charles J. Peterson; this story will embrace the Declaration, the Battle of Trenton, Valley Forge, &c. &c. Mrs. Stephens will contribute several of her thrilling stories.

THE BEST FOR THE SEX.

For 1849 we shall issue, each month, an Editor's table, devoted exclusively to the sex, containing information on new styles of embroidery, furniture, crotchet work, &c., also new receipts for the housewife and horticultural hints; in a word a perfect vade mecum.

OUR SPLENDID FASHION PLATES.

This magazine has always been the best guide for the fashions, which we get in advance. *The costumes are selected, engraved and colored for us a month ahead of all rivals.* To each plate is added a full letter press description, besides information on all the latest styles. No lady, much less a professional dress maker, should be without this work. The magazine is, in our Eastern cities, the true book of fashion.

OUR SUPERB EMBELLISHMENTS.

One of our superb mezzotints, engraved as they generally are from original pictures, costs us more than two, or even three of the ordinary plates that appear in other magazines. Such an engraving as "The Fall of Babel," which appeared in our November number, is almost priceless. We spare no expense to excel all others, and, if the public journals are to be believed, have succeeded. Our series of mezzotints, in a single year, makes a *more splendid book than two* [illegible] and then there is the literary matter besides.

A HIGH MORAL TONE.

The other magazines are intended merely to amuse: this has a higher aim in view. Its object is to instruct while pleasing. Parents may place it, with advantage, in the hands of their daughters.

TERMS.

These are cheaper than any other magazine can offer. TWO DOLLARS a year, invariably in advance. To facilitate remittances we offer the following terms to Clubs:

3 Copies,	$5 00	7 Copies,	$10 00
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To the Postmaster or other person obtaining a club of three or five, we will send a copy of "Trumbull's celebrated Picture of the Battle of Bunker Hill," executed in the [illegible] fit to frame and hang up in a parlor. For a club of seven or sixteen, either an extra copy of the magazine, or a copy of "*The Military Heroes of the* [illegible]," a work containing 300 [illegible]. This work sells for $3 00. Such an offer was never before made.

One copy of the Saturday Evening Post, and one copy of the Magazine will be sent for $3 00. Or one copy of the Post, one of the Magazine, and one of "The Military Heroes" will be sent for $5 00.

For six dollars, we will send three copies of the Magazine and one of "The Military Heroes."

Address, postage paid, the money at our risk,
CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut St., Philada.

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For $5, we will send the Lady's Book and Lady's Dollar Newspaper 1 year. The Lady's Dollar Paper is published on the 1st and 15th of each month, somewhat in advance.

For $1, we will send the Lady's Book, 5 months—or 5 copies, 1 month.

Single Nos. 25 cents. Address, L. A. GODEY, Philada.

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1849.

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The Leading Periodical in America.

THIS popular and unrivalled Magazine, under the editorial charge of G. R. GRAHAM, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER and J. BAYARD TAYLOR, will commence a New Volume with the January number, in a style of unsurpassed excellence and beauty. No [illegible] Press, will at all compare with it. WHEN ITS SIZE, THE NUMBER AND QUALITY OF ITS EMBELLISHMENTS, AND THE CHARACTER OF ITS LITERARY CONTENTS are taken into consideration.

[illegible]

TERMS.

GREAT INDUCEMENTS TO POSTMASTERS AND CLUBS, UNEQUALLED BY THOSE OF ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.

For THREE DOLLARS, in advance, (par money in the Places from which it is remitted,) One Copy of Graham for One Year, and Mezzotint Portraits, on proof sheets, of GEN. TAYLOR, GEN. BUTLER, GEN. SCOTT, GEN. WORTH, AND CAPT. WALKER.

[illegible]

A PREMIUM OFFER.

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THE subscriber has on hand his usual selected stock of FASHIONABLE READY-MADE FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING.

[illegible]

JOHN P. SLOAN.

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CHARLES OAKFORD,
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CHARLES OAKFORD,
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FURS.
RICH FANCY FURS FOR LADIES' WEAR.
CHARLES OAKFORD, FURRIER.
No. 104 CHESNUT ST.
[illegible]
CHARLES OAKFORD,
104 Chesnut street, a few doors above Third, Philadelphia. sep 23-tf

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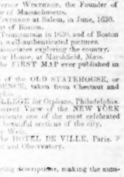
TWENTY ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD!

Several of them occupying an entire page of the work. We expect to circulate, during the holydays, many thousands of this Publication in the New England states and elsewhere.

The Plates have been executed in a peculiarly chaste and perfect manner; and any one of the Page Plates is worth the price of the Work.



IT would be impossible for us to enumerate or describe, in the limits of an advertisement, the numerous interesting literary and other articles; but the following is a list of the principal Engravings:—

1. A splendid MONUMENTAL DESIGN for the contemplated Tomb to Governor Winthrop, the Founder of Boston, and first Governor of Massachusetts.
2. Landing of Gov. Winthrop at Salem, in June, 1630.
3. The First Settlement of Boston.
4 and 5. Views of the Trimountain in 1630, and of Boston in 1776; both taken from well-authenticated pictures.
6. Winthrop and his associates exploring the country.
7. The ancient Winslow House, at Marshfield, Mass.
8. A faithful copy of the FIRST MAP ever published in America.
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☞ The whole of these Plates are accompanied with interesting descriptions, making the number invaluable as a Present to young people.

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Every purchaser should bear in mind that the first impressions of Engravings are always the handsomest and most valuable; and as justice requires that we should adhere to the old maxim, "first come, first served," those who are anxious to possess themselves of the best copies, can not forward their money too soon. We always record the names of subscribers on our books in rotation, as their money is received, and forward accordingly. The price of "The Pictorial" will be

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☞ [illegible] The above charge for a single copy, or for three or four copies, [illegible] please envelop it carefully in [illegible] subject to only single postage.

☞ All orders should plainly direct the town, county, and state, where the Periodical is to be forwarded, and [illegible] ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 128 Nassau St., New York.

☞ [illegible] copying the above advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive [illegible] the advertisement marked.

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Gold Pencils, $1 50 to $7 00
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Selected Poetry.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to *God's Holy Ordinance*: and thereunto I plight thee my troth."—*Marriage Service of the Episcopal Church.*

Speak it not lightly—'tis a holy thing,
  A bond enduring through long distant years—
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
  Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an Angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in Eternity.

Speak it not lightly—though the young and gay
  Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth;
Let not the holy promise of to-day
  Fade like the clouds that with the morn have birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life may not prove all sunshine—there will come
  Dark hours for all! Oh! will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers thickly round your home,
  Love as ye did, in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And deemed the future like the present—fair?

Eyes that now beam with health may yet grow dim,
  And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
  And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low?
Then will ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully, as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenceless head,
  Should storms o'ertake your barque on life's dark sea;
Fierce tempests rend the sail so gaily spread,
  When hope her syren strain sang joyfully—
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast,
And say—"Together we will bide the blast!"

Age, with its silvery locks, comes stealing on,
  And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
  And the pale lip, with accents low and weak;—
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid Love triumph over Time?

Speak it not lightly—oh, beware, beware!
  'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word—
Lo! men and angels list the faith ye swear,
  And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard;
Oh, then, kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for grace to keep your marriage vow.

Church Times.

Interesting Essay.

THE HOUSE AND ITS VARIETIES.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

The dwellings of mankind possess one peculiarity unknown to those of any other order in the animated creation—namely, a boundless variety in their form, fashion and materials. All other creatures construct their dwellings on the assigned plan of their species, which appears to be as certain and limited as the rest of their instincts; one lion's den exactly resembles another, and the nest of every lark is the same; time and generations make no change on their architecture; the Alpine vulture still builds his eyry in the cleft of the rocky precipice in the very form described by Pliny; and petrified nests of swallows have been found in the ruins of Petra resembling in every straw those attached to our hamlet eaves. Even such animals as display the greatest share of what may be designated the constructive instincts, act under the same law of perpetual uniformity. The tailor-bird never thinks of sewing another storey to the slender fabric of leaves and grass its active bill has appended to the boughs of the African palm, nor the bee of giving an additional side to the unvarying six of his honey cells. But what immense dissimilarity prevails in the houses of mankind! Some have been gigantic edifices; for instance, the palace of Nadir Shah, in the ancient city of Delhi, which was said to occupy a space of three square miles. Had his majesty's chamber been situated at one end of it, and his breakfast-room at the other, a morning walk out of doors must have been a superfluity. Some, again, have been specimens of lavish wealth and splendor; such as the celebrated golden house of Nero, in which neither wood nor stone was visible, the very walls and roof being overlaid with gold; and in the centre was an open court surrounding the Temple of Fortune, built of a species of talc or natural glass, which contemporary authors assure us was as clear as crystal and perfectly transparent.

What a contrast to these temples of despotic vanity is presented by the Hottentot dwellings of South Africa, which consist of a hut, or rather tent, formed of rush mats, stretched on a few rude poles, and easily packed upon the back of an ox at any moment the owner may find it expedient to change his locality! The palace of a negro monarch is formed by a circular fence of wattles and clay, enclosing a number of huts built of similar materials, thatched with palm leaves, and provided with doors too low for entrance, except on the hands and knees. Each of the queens-consort is assigned one of these structures, by way of preventing quarrels; and in most cases it is expected the lady will build it for herself as soon as the marriage feast terminates. The dwellings of his courtiers and subjects in general resemble that of their sovereign; and an African capital may be erected in a week, and destroyed in an hour. The homes of our British ancestors, as described by the Roman writers, seem to have been little superior; and the celebrated exclamation of the valiant chief Caractacus, when, in his captivity, he beheld for the first time the wealth and magnificence of Rome, "How could you, who possess so much, envy me my reed-thatched hut in Britain!" powerfully corroborates their statements. Yet the same country now contains Windsor Castle, Eton Hall, Chatsworth, and innumerable mansions that are reckoned among the most splendid in Europe.

The domestic architecture of different times and nations is indeed strangely diversified according to climate, habits and civilization. When the Spanish invaders of South America first reached the banks of the Orinoco, they found them occupied for a considerable distance by a people whom they denominated "Tree Indians," from their custom of constructing a kind of hut or cage of wickerwork for their families on the thick and spreading branches of their native trees, in which they lived during the six months of tropical rain in complete inundation, to which their country was subject; having laid up a small stock of provisions during the dry season, and dropping down, when the weather permitted, by a rope of cocoa-nut fibre to the canoe always made fast below, in search of whatever else the rainy season afforded. Almost at the opposite extremity of the world, the Icelander constructs his habitation with an outer wall of turf, about six feet thick and four high, enclosing its various divisions; on one side, generally facing the South, are three doors, painted red, which respectively open to the smithy, cow-house, and family residence. The latter consists of a long narrow passage with apartments on each side. Every chamber has a separate roof, and is lighted by a small pane of glass, or more commonly talc, four or five inches in diameter. Several families frequently inhabit the same house, and all their members find nightly rest in one apartment, which is also the general refectory. The citizens of Bantam, a town of Java, adopt a similar construction, but suited to their Southern latitude. Each hut, or rather family group of huts, which are built somewhat in the African style, have a circle of cocoa-nut trees planted round them, with a strong bamboo fence outside, by which the inhabitants are completely separated from their neighbors; and the town at a distance resembles a forest.

Many of the houses in the capital of Borneo Proper, which is situated on a sort of estuary, are built on rafts moored to the shore, so as to rise and fall with the tide; and the Dyaks in the same island, hang up human skulls, by way of ornament, over the entrance of their dwellings. The houses of the Finlanders are usually constructed of fir-trees, rudely squared by the axe, and laid, with a thin layer of moss between, upon each other; the ends, instead of being cut off, are generally left projecting beyond the sides of the building, and have a most savage and slovenly appearance. The roof is also of fir, sometimes stained red. The windows are frequently cut out with the axe after the sides of the house are raised.

The Kamtchatdales have two kinds of habitations—one for winter and the other for summer. The winter habitations are sunk some feet under the ground; the walls are formed of trees laid over each other; the roof is made slanting, and covered with coarse grass or rushes. The interior consists of two rooms, with a large lamp fed with train oil, and placed so as to warm both rooms, and at the same time to answer the purposes of cookery. Those houses are frequently large enough to contain two or three families, and fifty persons have been known to take up their abode in one of them. In that case, the dirt, smell, and soot issuing from the lamp are such as only a Kamtchatdale could endure. The summer house is supported on pillars, which raise it to the height of twelve or thirteen feet from the ground. These posts support a platform made of rafters, and covered with clay, which serves as a floor, whence the house ascends in the form of a cone, roofed with thatch. This apartment composes the whole habitation, and here all the family eat and sleep. The object of this singular construction is to have a space sheltered from the sun and rain, yet open to the air, in which their fish may be hung up and dried. It is afforded by the rude colonnade which supports these structures, and to their ceilings the fish are attached. Such is the style of building practised at the North-East extremity of Asia; nor are the popular fashions of its Southern nations much in advance of this. The dwellings of their kings and satraps indeed exhibit a degree of magnitude and splendor for which nothing but the ruler's unlimited power over the inhabitants and resources of his country could account. This is more especially observable in the ancient palaces, whose vast ruins, now left in desert solitude, evince to the far-exploring traveller from Europe at once the former power and deep decline of the Asiatic monarchies. The palace of Chilminar in Persia, though long roofless, still stands a mighty monument of Eastern architecture. The walls are constructed of blocks of gray marble, apparently without cement; and a marble staircase, wide enough to admit ten horsemen riding abreast, leads from the lower to the upper divisions. In the beforementioned palace of Delhi there are still to be seen the remains of a vast covered balcony, called the Hall of Justice, the walls of which were covered with pictures, representing groups of animals, fruit and flowers, entirely formed of stones of various colors, according to those of the objects represented; and in the central group was the figure of the artist, who executed the whole in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was said to be a European. But the ordinary habitations of the East, which, like the usages of Eastern life, have remained the same for centuries, are but little indebted to comfort, and less to elegance. The well known division of the harem exists only in the mansions of the rich and powerful, which, at least in Mohammedan countries, are generally constructed in the fashion introduced into Spain by the Moors of Granada, and still seen among the old houses of the peninsular towns—walls without windows to the street; a flat roof, and a small open court in the centre, into which all the apartments open and windows look.

It is curious to remark that the city of Bagdad, so splendid in the Arabian Nights and other tales of our childhood, at the present day consists of brick houses but one storey in height, and provided with a subterraneous flat in the form of cellars, to which the inhabitants retire in the extreme heat of summer. The subjects of the Birman Empire are obliged by their governments to employ nothing but wood and bamboo cane in the construction of their houses, in order that the burning of towns by the enemy (which appears to be of frequent occurrence) may be less felt by the public. The Siamese have their habitations supported on pillars of considerable height, their outgoings and incomings being facilitated by a ladder, which is drawn up when circumstances make it expedient to cut off the communication. Most of our readers are acquainted with the fact that great numbers of the Chinese reside in junks on their great rivers and canals, and whole generations are born, grow old, and die, floating on the waters. But even in the great cities of China domestic accommodations are on the following average.—The dwelling is generally surrounded by a wall six or seven feet high; and within this enclosure a whole family of three generations, with all their respective wives and families, will frequently be found. One small room is made to serve for the individuals of each branch of the family, sleeping in different beds, divided only by mats hanging from the ceiling, and one common room is used for eating.

Asia, however, affords specimens of the house kind which, though rarely in use among modern generations, have at least the advantage of singular durability—we allude to the rock-hewn habitations taken notice of by all European travellers. The famous city of Petra, in Arabia, has been the theme of admiration and astonishment to all the tourists of recent times; but another town apparently far more ancient, and of greater extent still, exists in the North of Affghanistan, and is known throughout the East by the name of Bameean. The city consists of a great number of apartments cut out of the solid rock. It is said that in many of them the walls are adorned with paintings which look still fresh after centuries of desertion and solitude; some of them are adorned with niches and carved work. There are supposed to be more than twelve thousand of such habitations in Bameean; the country of the Affghans abounds with them; but the natives, who are mostly Mohammedans, entertain a superstitious prejudice against inhabiting such homes. They have old traditions which declare them to have been the first habitations of mankind; and that strange city is casually mentioned by some of the classic authors; yet by whom its rocky abodes were excavated, who were its inhabitants, or what their history—all has passed from the recollection of the world, and exists only in fabulous or uncertain tales.

The ancient homes of the world were almost in every point dissimilar to those of modern nations: among the polished Greeks and Romans the houses of the wealthier classes were constructed with a portico in front, which opened into a large apartment intended for the reception of visitors, with its roof sloping down to the centre, in which there was a large square opening for the rain to run into a cistern placed below for that purpose. Beyond this apartment were the rooms for family use—all the decorations of our walls with them took the form of marble; mosaic floors occupied the place of our Brussels carpets in classic estimation; and the most fashionable style for a dining room was the representation on stone of crumbs and fragments of a feast; and apartments so finished were appropriately designated "unswept halls." Nor must it be forgotten that a Roman bed-room, though inlaid with colored marble, had rarely if ever, a window—a custom which appears rather to have originated in some mistaken idea than the deficiency of glass, which was comparatively well known in those ages, and seems to have been used for ornamental purposes.—Pliny speaks of glassy chambers; and Cardinal Maximen records that, in the middle of the seventeenth century, as some workmen were digging on the ruins on Mount Cœlius, they found a room belonging to an antique dwelling-house, the walls of which were covered with plates of glass, some of them tinged with various colors, others of their own natural hue. In the early days of Rome, any attempt at splendor in building or decoration appears to have been very unpopular; and a consul who found his new house in this respect displeasing to his countrymen, demolished the fabric in a single night, in hopes of regaining their approbation. The abode does not appear, from this circumstance, to have been very substantial; but the remains of Roman dwellings which Italy still presents, prove how far the public mind had changed with the progress of wealth and time. The fashion of building storey above storey, though almost peculiar to Europe, was early introduced, as we find a law of Augustus prohibiting the erection of houses above the height of seventy feet, or about six of our modern storeys.

In relief to those lofty buildings and far old times, the less civilized nations of the earth still practice some curious modes of construction in their houses. The natives of Samar, one of the Philippine Islands, weave large wicker cages for themselves of bamboo, the floors of which are raised some feet from the ground, to allow the free circulation of air in that torrid clime; and the natives of New Guinea, who build in a similar fashion, secure their whole property, usually consisting of hogs, in the space below.

Some nations live entirely in tents—as the Bedouin Arabs, the Courds and the Calmuc Tartars; the aborigines of New Holland have no houses at all; but in this respect, as well as in others of equal importance, they seem to merit the designation of the French naturalist, who called them "the lazzaroni of their species." The variety in human abodes seems as endless as that of human character.

[illegible].—The following is from a languishing swain to his gentle divinity:—

Oh! lady, hear thy lover sigh—
  No truer heart there is than mine:
I read compliance in your eye:
  Then why not say at once, I've kept you
    waiting a long time, and if you'll have
    patience till I can get a wedding-dress
    made, I'll be thine.

THE BODY RENDERED FIREPROOF.—Taracre, a Neapolitan physician, states that the human body can be rendered insensible to fire by the following embrocation being applied:—one ounce and a half of alum, dissolved in four ounces of hot water; to this must be added an ounce of fish glue, and half an ounce of gum arabic.

A Word to the Wise

RAISING THE WIND.

[The following, from a late number of the Lady's Book, is a well-timed exposure of a class of operations, by which the public lose money, and the proprietors of established periodicals are much injured. Every year we have a batch of announcements in the shape of flaming prospectuses of new magazines and newspapers, and every year hundreds of our country friends have cause to regret that they ever put faith in them. Any man with a not very scrupulous conscience, can make large promises, but the fulfilment of such promises is a very different matter. For our own part, we feel almost disposed to make no promises at all, but to trust entirely to doing what others say they will do.—*Publishers Saturday Evening Post.*]

"I must do something," said a shabby-genteel-looking individual, leaning back in his chair, and lifting his eyes to the ceiling.

"And so must I," was the response of a friend, who imitated the movement of the first speaker as closely as if he had been his shadow.

"Before six months passes, unless some good fortune turns up, I shall be as completely out at the elbows and pockets as any poor devil in the land."

"Ditto. But, Dick, something must be done. Can't we hatch up a money-making scheme? Other people drive ahead at one plaguy thing or another, and why not we? Set your brain to work and concoct something. We're no fools."

Richard Handy, the individual addressed, swung himself back and forth for some minutes on the hind legs of his chair, with his eyes still upon the ceiling. At last he said, as he let his chair come to its true position on the floor—"I'll tell you what we might do, Harry."

"Well, speak out. Anything that promises to pay?"

"Start a magazine or weekly newspaper."

"Folly! The country has more now than it can sustain."

"I'm not so sure of that. The public are always ready for some novelty."

"It won't do. I've seen the rise and fall, birth and death, of too many magazines and newspapers to have any faith in them. Those that are successful, keep the field in spite of new competitors. Godey's, Graham's, and one or two other magazines, and two or three newspapers, have got the lead, and being backed up by large subscription lists and large capitals, are able to present attractions and excellencies unattainable by any work that has not at least fifteen or twenty thousand subscribers—a number that no new magazine or paper can hope to get."

"For all that," replied Handy, "I'm clear that we can make a raise on a new magazine—temporary, at least, and it may be permanent. Everything must begin small."

"Nonsense! You can't begin to start a magazine on less than three or four hundred dollars, and you've got to sink that, and twenty times as much besides, before you reap a cent of profit on the circulation. I know. I've had my fingers burnt once, and understand the whole thing like a book."

"I don't care if you do. I've been thinking about a new magazine for a week or ten days past, and am satisfied that it will pay."

"And I am just as well satisfied that it won't pay. The idea is perfectly ridiculous to one who knows as much about such matters as I do."

"If we were to send out a flaming prospectus," said Handy, "promising all sorts of excellencies and novelties, and affirming that ample capital to carry out the scheme was pledged, and, moreover, were to offer our magazine for, say one-half of the price at which Godey's or Graham's is published, don't you think we could induce the country press to copy the thing extensively?"

"If we promised them an exchange."

"Very well. Now, don't you think that, with such a prospectus spread before half a million of people, there would be found a few hundreds ready to send on their one, two or ten dollars in advance?"

"Certainly I do."

"Even before the thing went to press?"

"No doubt of it."

"Nor have I. Now, don't you begin to take?"

Harry, as he was called, or Henry Jenkins, brightened up considerably.

"I rather think I do, a little," said he.

"With a thousand or two dollars in hand, we could go on with the enterprise if it promised to pay well, or—you understand?"

"Exactly. The view of the case didn't strike me."

"Then you agree with me that a new magazine is the thing?"

"I do, most emphatically."

"What shall we call it?"

"Some grand, flourishing name, of course?"

"How would 'The Pleiades' do?"

"Too grandiloquent."

"The Orion, then?"

"Ditto. No, no; it won't do to go up among the stars. It must be something for the ladies."

"'The Peach Blossom' would be *petite* and fanciful."

"Too much so. Let me see. Ah! I've got it—'*The Mirror of Taste and Gem of Fancy.*'"

"Capital! That'll do exactly."

And after repeating the title of the proposed magazine until it sounded familiar, the discussion proceeded to the character, appearance and general conduct of the work, if it should ever see the light. In due time the prospectus was hammered out by joint effort of these worthies. It promised everything, possible and impossible, that could be thought of; abused and criticised, by implication, all the popular and successful magazines in the field, and promised to be as much superior to them as sunlight was superior to lamplight. All the best writers and artists in the country were announced as under engagement, some of them exclusively for "The Mirror of Taste and Gem of Fancy."

"I guess that will do," was the mutual affirmation of "Handy & Jenkins;" when the precious affair had received its last touch.

For a proper consideration, paid down upon the spot, which consideration drew rather seriously upon the pockets of the new firm, the prospectus of "The Mirror of Taste and Gem of Fancy" saw the light in three or four widely circulated newspapers, and from thence made its way into the country papers far and near.

"That's just the thing," said one, who read the brilliant proposals. "I like that," said another; and "I'll have that," said a third.—Some stopped the Lady's Book, some cut Graham, and some stopped Peterson. Handy & Jenkins soon experienced a peculiar pleasure in going to the post-office every morning, for letters from all parts began to flow in, most of them containing remittances for the new magazine.

"People are gulls, and no mistake," said Handy, on receiving one morning a larger number of remittances than usual for the new work.

"I never doubted that," returned Jenkins.

"How much have we received in all?"

"About two hundred dollars."

"Shall we go on?"

"I don't know. It will take all that to get out the first number."

"Yes, and more, too. But there is no time to be lost. It will be as much as the bargain, now, for us to get out by the first of January; and I'm afraid, anyhow, of the impression our first number will make. We can't begin to come up to the prospectus."

"No, nor can anybody else. But it will look too bad to cut and run without even making a feint."

"That's true. I think we'd better try to get up a number one some how."

This was finally agreed upon, and the first number of "The Mirror of Taste and Gem of Fancy" saw the light.

It's a pretty well ascertained fact that Messrs. Godey and Graham, no matter what their feelings might have been under the influence of the prospectus, were not troubled with either nightmare or sleeplessness after the first number made its appearance.

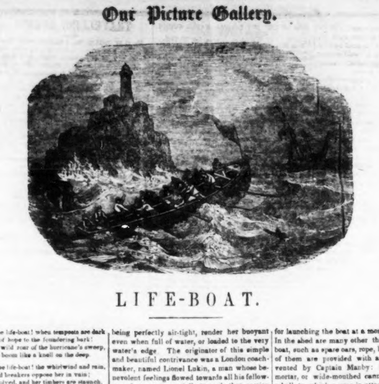
Still, the press lauded "The Mirror of Taste and Gem of Fancy" as a brilliant star in the magazine galaxy, and helped on the humbug to a second number, when it died, leaving two thousand subscribers who had paid for twelve numbers, minus only ten. As for "Handy & Jenkins," they had succeeded in "raising the wind," and, after leaving the theatre of their operations, divided nearly three thousand dollars between them.

Some two or three years have passed since this neat operation, and we have been on the lookout for the name of "Handy & Co.," or "Jenkins & Co.," as sponsors to some new and even more brilliant magazine or newspaper scheme. Doubtless we shall have it soon; and what is more, the credulous public will fall into the trap, unwarned and unwise from former experience.

"All the fools are not dead yet," said our grandfather, aged ninety, the other day—and the old gentleman was right.

Not to forget our misfortunes is in a manner to merit them.

Our Picture Gallery.



LIFE-BOAT.

"The life-boat! the life-boat! when tempests are dark
She's the beacon of hope to the foundering bark!
When, midst the wild roar of the hurricane's sweep,
The minute-guns boom like a knell on the deep.

"The life-boat! the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain,
And white-crested breakers oppose her in vain;
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch,
She's the vessel of mercy—God speed to her launch!

"The life-boat! the life-boat! how fearless and free
She wins her bold course o'er the wide rolling sea!
She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain;
She has stemmed them before, she will stem them again.

"The life-boat! the life-boat! she's manned by the brave,
In the noblest of causes commissioned to save
What heart but has thrilled in the seaman's distress,
At the life-boat's endeavors, the life-boat's success!

"The life-boat! the life-boat! no vessel that sails
Has stemmed such rough billows and weathered such gales;
Not e'en Nelson's proud ship, when his death-strife was won,
Such true glory achieved as the life-boat has done."

AGNES STRICKLAND.

We suppose our readers are curious to know how an open boat like the above can float in such an angry, boiling sea. We will tell you how it is accomplished: the sides of the boat are lined with hollow boxes of copper, which being perfectly air-tight, render her buoyant even when full of water, or loaded to the very water's edge. The originator of this simple and beautiful contrivance was a London coach-maker, named Lionel Lukin, a man whose benevolent feelings flowed towards all his fellow-men, but more especially towards that portion of them who brave the dangers of the sea. After devoting sixty years of his life to the pursuits of business, he retired to Hythe, in Kent, where he finished a well-spent life in peace and tranquility, dying in February, 1834. His body was interred in the church-yard of Hythe, which is situated on rising ground, commanding a fine view of the ocean; a fit resting-place for the remains of one whose talents had been successfully directed to the means of rescuing from shipwreck and a watery grave many hundreds, or perhaps we may say thousands, of poor seamen. He obtained a patent for his first boat in 1785. In 1790 Mr. Greathead obtained a premium for a life-boat on an improved principle. If you visit any of the principal sea-ports of England, you will see a long building on the shore, containing one of these life-boats, there are folding-doors to the shed fronting the sea, and everything is in readiness for launching the boat at a moment's warning. In the shed are many other things beside the boat, such as spare oars, rope, lines, &c. Some of them are provided with an apparatus invented by Captain Manby: it consists of a mortar, or wide-mouthed cannon, for shooting a ball, to which a rope is attached, across the sea, over the vessel in distress: the poor sailors securely fasten the rope to the ship, the other end is made fast on shore, and by passing along it, the crew are one by one enabled to reach the land. There are other contrivances for lessening the danger of a sea-faring life, called life-buoys—bags or belts filled with air, and fastened round the waist of the person trusting himself to the waves. The night life-buoy for the assistance of any one who may fall overboard at night, is a useful invention. It consists of two hollow copper balls, united by a wooden rod; between the balls a hollow pole is placed, loaded at the bottom with lead to keep it upright; a fusee is fixed on the top of the pole, which ignites the moment the apparatus drops from the stern of the ship: thus it is not only a mark for the drowning seaman to reach, but is of sufficient buoyancy to support him till a boat arrives to his assistance.

Remarkable Women.

THE WIFE OF ARNOLD.

We give below an extract from Mrs. Ellet's new work, "The Women of the Revolution," assured that it will interest those of our readers who have not the volumes at command.—Presuming that they are already familiar with the history of many of the ladies whose biographies Mrs. Ellet has given, we have selected that of one whose name has been wrongfully, we are persuaded, associated with treachery and unpatriotic sentiments. It is a pleasure to find our countrywoman thus vindicated, and by one of her own sex. Mrs. Ellet has here displayed true, generous, and womanly feeling, and the record of the unhappy life and lonely death of Mrs. Arnold cannot but move our deepest sympathy:

The wife of Benedict Arnold was Margaret Shippen, of Philadelphia. One of her ancestors, Edward Shippen, who was mayor of the city in the beginning of the eighteenth century, suffered severe persecutions from the zealots in authority at Boston, for his Quakerism; but, successful in his business, he amassed a large fortune, and, according to tradition, was distinguished for "being the biggest man, having the biggest house and the biggest carriage in Philadelphia." His mansion, called "the Governor's house," "Shippen's great house," and "the famous house and orchard outside the town," was built on an eminence, the orchard overlooking the city; yellow pines shaded the rear, a green lawn extended in front, and the view was unobstructed to the Delaware and Jersey shores. A princely place, indeed, for that day—with its summer-house and gardens abounding with tulips, roses, and lilies! It is said to have been the residence for a few weeks of William Penn and his family. An account of the distinguished persons who were guests there at different times would be curious and interesting.

Edward Shippen, afterwards Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, was the father of Margaret.—His family, distinguished among the aristocracy of the day, was prominent after the commencement of the contest among those known to cherish loyalist principles; his daughters were educated in these, and had their constant associations with those who were opposed to American independence.—The youngest of them—only eighteen years of age—beautiful, brilliant, and fascinating, full of spirit and gayety—the toast of the British officers while their army occupied Philadelphia—became the object of Arnold's admiration. She had been "one of the brightest of the belles of the Mischianza," and it is somewhat curious that the knight who appeared in her honor on that occasion chose for his motto a bay leaf, with the motto, "Unchangeable." This gay and volatile young creature, accustomed to the display connected with "the pride of life," and the homage paid to beauty in high station, was not one to resist the lure of ambition, and was captivated, it is probable, through her girlish fancy, by the splendor of Arnold's equipments, and his military ostentation. These appear to have had their effect upon her relatives, one of whom, in a manuscript letter, still extant, says: "We understand that Gen. Arnold, a fine gentleman, lays close siege to Peggy"—thus noticing his brilliant and imposing exterior, without a word of information or inquiry as to his character and principles.

A letter from Arnold to Miss Shippen, which has been published—written from the camp at Raritan, February 8th, 1779, not long before their marriage, shows the discontent and rancor of his heart, in the allusions to the President and Council of Pennsylvania. These feelings were probably expressed freely to her, as it was his pleasure to complain of injury and persecution; while the darker designs, of which no one suspected him till the whole community were startled by the news of his treason, were doubtless buried in his own bosom.

Some writers have taken delight in representing Mrs. Arnold as another Lady Macbeth—an unscrupulous and artful seductress, whose inordinate vanity and ambition were the cause of her husband's crime; but there seems no foundation even for a supposition that she was acquainted with his purpose of betraying his trust. She was not the being he would choose as the sharer of a secret so perilous, nor was the dissimulation attributed to her consistent with her character. Arnold's marriage, it is true, brought him more continually into familiar association with the enemies of American liberty, and strengthened distrust of him in the minds of those who had seen enough to condemn in his previous conduct; and it is likely that his propensity for extravagance was encouraged by his wife's taste for luxury and display, while she exerted over him no saving influence. In the words of one of his best biographers, "he had no domestic security for doing right—no fireside guardianship to protect him from the tempter. Rejecting, as we do utterly, the theory that the wife was the instigator of his crime—all common principles of human action being opposed to it—we still believe that there was nothing in her influence or associations to countervail the persuasions to which he ultimately yielded. She was young, gay, and frivolous; fond of display and admiration, and used to luxury; she was utterly unfitted for the duties and privations of a poor man's wife. A loyalist's daughter, she had been taught to mourn over the pageantry of colonial rank and authority, and to recollect with pleasure the pomp of those brief days of enjoyment, when military men of the noble station were her admirers. Arnold had no counsellor on his pillow to urge him to the imitation of homely republican virtue, to stimulate him to follow the rugged path of a revolutionary patriot. He fell; and though his wife did not tempt or counsel him to ruin, there is no reason to think she ever uttered a word or made a sign to deter him."

Her instrumentality in the intercourse carried on while the iniquitous plan was maturing, according to all probability, was an unconscious one. Major Andre, who had been intimate in her father's family, while General Howe was in possession of Philadelphia, wrote to her from New York, in August, 1779, to solicit her remembrance, and offering his services in procuring supplies, should she require any, in the millinery department, in which he says, playfully, the Mischianza had given him skill and experience. The period at which this missive was sent—more than a year after Andre had parted with the "fair circle" for which he professes such lively regard—and the singularity of the letter itself, justified the suspicion which became general after its seizure by the Council of Pennsylvania—that its offer of service in the detail of capwire, needles, and gauze, covered a meaning deep and dangerous. This view was taken by many writers of the day; but, admitting that the letter was intended to convey a mysterious meaning, still it is not conclusive evidence of Mrs. Arnold's participation in the design or knowledge of the treason, the consummation of which was yet distant more than a year. The suggestion of Mr. Reed seems more probable—that the guilty correspondence between the two officers under feigned names having been commenced in March or April, the letter to Mrs. Arnold may have been intended by Andre to inform her husband of the name and rank of his New York correspondent, and thus encourage a fuller measure of confidence and regard. The judgment of Mr. Reed, Mr. Sparks, and others who have closely investigated the subject, is in favor of Mrs. Arnold's innocence in the matter.

It was after the plot was far advanced towards its denouement, and only two days before General Washington commenced his tour to Hartford, in the course of which he made a visit to West Point, that Mrs. Arnold came thither with her infant, to join her husband, travelling by short stages in her own carriage. She passed the last night at Smith's house, where she was met by the General, and proceeded up the river in his barge to headquarters. When Washington and his officers arrived at West Point, having sent from Fishkill to announce their coming, Lafayette reminded the Chief, who was turning his horse into a road leading to the river, that Mrs. Arnold would be waiting breakfast; to which Washington sportively answered, "Ah, you men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. Go, breakfast with her, and do not wait for me."

Mrs. Arnold was at breakfast with her husband and the aids-de-camp—Washington and the other officers having not yet come—when the letter arrived which bore to the traitor the first intelligence of Andre's capture. He left the room immediately, went to his wife's chamber, sent for her, and briefly informed her of the necessity of his instant flight to the enemy. This was probably the first intelligence she received of what had been going on. The news overwhelmed her; and when Arnold quitted the apartment, he left her lying in a swoon on the floor.

Her almost frantic condition—plunged into the depths of distress—is described with sympathy by Col. Hamilton, in a letter written the next day: "The General," he says, "went to see her; she upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child; raved and shed tears, and lamented the fate of the infant. * * * All the sweetness of beauty—all the loveliness of innocence—all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother, showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." He, too, expresses his conviction that she had no knowledge of Arnold's plan till his announcement to her that he must banish himself from his country forever. The opinions of other persons, qualified to judge without prejudice, acquitted her of the charge of having participated in the treason. John Jay writing from Madrid to Catherine Livingston, says:—"All the world are cursing Arnold, and pitying his wife." And Robert Morris writes—"Poor Mrs. Arnold—was there ever such an infernal villain!"

Mrs. Arnold went from West Point to her father's house; but was not long permitted to remain in Philadelphia. The traitor's papers having been seized by direction of the Executive authorities, the correspondence with Andre was brought to light; suspicion rested on her, and by an order of the Council, dated October 27th, she was required to leave the State, to return no more during the continuance of the war. She accordingly departed to join her husband in New York. The respect and forbearance shown towards her on her journey through the country, notwithstanding her banishment, testified the popular belief in her innocence. M. de Marbois relates that when she stopped at a village where the people were about to burn Arnold in effigy, they put it off till the next night. And when she entered the carriage, on her way to join her husband, all exhibition of popular indignation was suspended, as if in respectful pity for the grief and shame she suffered, for the time overcame every other feeling.

Mrs. Arnold resided with her husband for a short time in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, and was long remembered by persons who knew her there, and who spoke much of her beauty and fascination. She afterwards lived in England. Mr. Sabine says that she and Arnold were seen by an American loyalist in Westminster Abbey, standing before the cenotaph, erected by the command of the king in memory of the unfortunate Andre. With what feeling the traitor viewed the monument of the man his crime had sacrificed, is not known; but he who saw him standing there turned away with horror.

Mrs. Arnold survived her husband three years, and died in London, in 1804, at the age of forty-three. Little is known of her after the blasting of the bright promises of her youth, by her husband's crime, and a dreary obscurity hangs over the close of her career; but her relatives in Philadelphia cherish her memory with respect and affection.

Hannah, the sister of Arnold, whose affection followed him through his guilty career, possessed great excellence of character; but no particulars could have been obtained by which full justice could be done her. Mr. Sabine says: "That she was a true woman in the highest possible sense, I do not entertain a doubt;" and the same opinion of her is expressed by Mr. Sparks.

☞ The papers said, lately, that Halleck was dead—it was not so—he only *sleeps*—and we wish for his awaking, if there be yet any such power as of old called back Endymion to the world.

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 9, 4, 10, 5, 13, 1, 9, is a city in Mexico.
My 2, 6, 3, 9, 8, 9, 12, is a city in Persia.
My 3, 9, 15, 2, 6, is a city in France.
My 4, 9, 16, 5, is a county in Virginia.
My 5, 15, 2, 11, is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 11, 2, 12, 5, is a river in France.
My 7, 9, 6, 4, 2, 9, 12, is a sea in Asia.
My 8, 9, 13, 9, 2, 2, is a group of islands in Polynesia.
My 9, 7, 8, 5, 11, 12, is a town in the Island of Sumatra.
My 10, 6, 10, 15, 2, is a river in the Chinese Empire.
My 11, 15, 2, 5, is a county in New York.
My 12, 2, 16, 5, 15, is a river in Africa.
My 13, 11, 15, 1, 2, 12, is a city in Prussia.
My 14, 3, 6, 9, 1, is a town in Sweden.
My 15, 5, 12, 12, 11, 6, is a town in France.
My 16, 2, 15, 16, 5, is a town in Egypt.
My whole is one of the German States.

PETER WAGER.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I always join in every dance,
But never in a song,
And though I'm never in the right,
I'm never in the wrong.
In the globe I'm no where found,
Yet always in the air.
I'm never found among the men,
Though always with the fair.
On the Alps I reign supreme,
And in their valleys found.
I live in every wave of air
That compasses them round.
In ancient caverns I have dwelt,
And lived in days gone by.
I form a part of every star
That twinkles from the sky.
I head a band of twenty-six,
Not robbers you may know,
But messengers of truth and light
We're running to and fro.
I never change from year to year,
I'm always just the same.
I'm in this verse, I'm in each line.
Now please to tell my name.

J. J.

Noblesville, Ind.

CHARADE.

My first is oft used for the feet;
My second as oft for the head;
And now that my whole you may greet,
I'll say 'tis a sort of a bed.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

Five merchants, viz: A, B, C, D and E have gained $1,771,871, which they divide in such a manner, that one-half of the share of A is equal severally to one-fourth of the share of B, one-fifth of C, one-sixth of D, and one-eighth of E. What was the share of each merchant?

DELTA.

ALGEBRAIC PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A's flock is blest with great increase,
He owns a multitude of geese.
There's neighbor B just by his side,
Whose flock has also multiplied.
Says B, "Just give me twenty-two,
Then I'll have thirteen more than you."
"I'd rather not," was A's reply,
"For very near my heart they lie,
But if you'll sell me twenty-two
I'll have four times as much as you."
Let Algebraic scholars teach
How many geese belonged to each.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a bad man like a box made of iron?
Ans.—He is a "hard case."

☞ On what tree can you ride from Philadelphia to Pittsburg?
Ans.—The axle-tree.

☞ What is that which no one wishes to have and no one wishes to lose?
Ans.—A bald head.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA—God is Love.

CHARADES—Wonder—Sunday.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me to answer H. G.'s question of last week. The number of casks 88. Gain on each cask $1.85.

D. D.

Answer to J. J.'s of last week.
To Helen 1,000.
Ellen 500.
To his four sons 7,500.

Selected Articles.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S EAGLE.

It will be remembered that, in the Prince's descent upon France two or three years ago, a remarkable omen appeared in the shape of an eagle, descending amid the invading band, and perching upon the shoulder of the future Emperor. The education of this imperial prognostic, is thus described by a Parisian narrator:—"I was in London at the time when the Prince was educating the famous eagle that was to aid him in his descent upon Boulogne. It was conducted on very natural principles. Every morning, the Prince, clad in the traditional costume of the Emperor, placed himself in the centre of the large garden attached to the house where he lodged. In the top of the immortal cocked hat was placed a beefsteak. The eagle, kept hungry till this hour, was launched into the air from a remote corner of the grounds, and after wheeling around once or twice, he punctually descended to the cocked hat wherein was served his breakfast. But this was not all. It was thought necessary that the multitude should be astonished with seeing the imperial bird whisper to the Prince the counsel he brought down from the Emperor on high. Occasionally, therefore, his beefsteak was missing, and as he was found to be a bird, with all his dignity, capable of a *pis aller*, a morsel of broiled ham was placed in the Prince's ear, which, on not finding the steak, he would lean over and daintily pick from its hiding place."

☞ "Is he very tame?" asked a printer of a countryman, who had a pet squirrel he wished to sell. "Certainly he is. Look how he sets on my arm." "But will he set type?" "To be sure, he will. Bless your soul, he'll set anywhere!"

WHIPPING THE DEVIL ROUND THE STUMP—ALMOST.

Just after the State election in Pennsylvania, Mr. Smith, a warm Cass man, met his friend, Mr. Jones, an enthusiastic Taylor man.

"Jones," said Smith, "the election of Johnston does not increase Taylor's chances in Pennsylvania."

"Yes it does," answered Jones.

"I'll bet you a hundred dollars that Cass carries that State," cried Smith.

"Done," exclaimed Jones. "But," he added, after a moment's hesitation—"but if we bet, we shall lose our votes."

"So we shall," said Smith.

"I'll tell you what," Jones cried, his face brightening up—"I'll tell you what may be done. My wife shall call on your wife, and bet with her."

"Good," said Smith.

Home went Jones. "My dear, Mrs. Smith wants to bet a hundred dollars with you that Cass will carry Pennsylvania."

"Mrs. Smith bet a hundred dollars with me!" exclaimed the astonished lady.

"Yes, and if you would like to bet, there's the money. Go round this afternoon and see her, and put the stakes into the hands of a lady friend."

The two ladies met, and the money was deposited. On Thursday last, when the result was known, Jones told his wife to go and draw the money, as she had won. The lady was not slow in obeying her husband that time, and before an hour, the two hundred dollars, exchanged into half eagles, were glittering through the interstices of her beautiful purse.

When Jones came home at night, he said to his wife—"Well, my dear, did you get the money?"

"Yes!" was the reply.

"I'll trouble you for it, darling, if you please."

"Trouble me for what?"

"For the money that I won of Smith."

"You won! Did you bet Mr. Jones?"

"No, no, that is, yes. I bet in fact, though to save my vote, I made you the agent," answered Jones with visible embarrassment.

"I cannot consent, my dear husband," said the lady, with great dignity, "to be a party in any violation or evasion of the law. I cannot consent on your account—you whose honor is so dear to me. And I shall therefore keep the money, in order that I may still retain my respect for a law-loving, a law-honoring, a law-obeying husband. Dear Jones, kiss me."

The lady was as good as her word, and Jones discovered, that in his attempt to whip the devil round the stump, he had lost a clean hundred.

This is a fact.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

IRISH SUPERSTITION.

I remember a circumstance which afforded a laughable example of the strange extremes to which Irish superstition often leads. Dr. Duncan happened to be walking in front of the manse, one fine day in summer, when, emerging from beneath the broad lime trees that overshaded the path to "the cottage," he was accosted very civilly by a man, whose Milesian aspect and appearance were not to be mistaken,—

"Would your Reverence have the kindness to christen a baby?" was the purport of his address.

"Who desires it?" rejoined Dr. Duncan.

"Myself, please your Reverence," the stranger replied.

"But who are you? I never saw you before. Are you a parishioner of mine? Are you a Protestant? Surely you don't attend church;" were expressions that quickly followed, suggesting a variety of difficulties.

"True for you," said the Irishman, "I am your parishioner, for I live in your parish, and have done these six weeks by gone. And as for attending the church, Reverend sir, I must inform your Reverence I once heard a Protestant preacher in Armah; but I took a complaint in my lip the week after, and I vowed to the Virgin, if she would recover me but this once, I never would enter a Protestant church more. So I could not, if I would, come to your church; and that is the only reason, your Reverence. But if your Reverence would come to my cabin, and christen the baby, I'd be forever obliged to ye."

In reply to this singular statement, Dr. Duncan, repressing any tendency to be amused, addressed the poor man very seriously, showed him the folly and sin of his vow, and tried to convince him of the necessity of seeking light from Scripture. This address had taken a very solemn turn, and the Irishman was evidently impressed with no common seriousness, when a tame monkey, a pet of Dr. Duncan's, which had been watching the interview from an overhanging branch, entering into the spirit of the moment, leaped on a sudden upon his master's shoulder, grinned, chattered, and stretched out its little paws in frightful and threatening grimace towards the Irishman, seconding, in a most unexpected manner, the condemnation of his conduct which had just been pronounced. Horror-struck, the unfortunate man, imagining poor Michael nothing less than a familiar spirit come to enforce the lessons of the Protestant priest, fell on his knees, and prayed for mercy. "I'll do anything you Reverence bids me, say the word—I'll come to church—I'll read the Bible—anything, your Reverence—anything—only don't let the craythur come near me!"—*Memoir of Henry Duncan, D. D.*

THE PRESENT STATE OF PALESTINE.

Palestine is a country for which Providence has done everything; we should say, rather, the "Holy Land," that is, Palestine and Syria. We behold her now in the days of her desolation. She is groaning under the yoke of a hard master; and we can form no idea, by what we now see, of what she once was, and of what, we have the strongest assurances she will again become. Unquestionably, she has no need of foreign aid; she possesses all the germs of greatness within herself, and requires only the genial influence of the Sun of Peace to resuscitate her: the once-rich plains of Jordan will then look green again, the pastures of Mamre will teem with lowing herds and bleating flocks, and the happy days of Abraham and Isaac will return to bless the industry of man. The shell which produced the Tyrian dye may still be found. Hermon and Tabor are still moistened with the balmy dew of Heaven; the plains of Esdraelon and the heights of Carmel are still bedecked with roses; at Sechem the swarthy Bedouin drinks of the same spring with Jacob, and his great progenitor Abraham, and feeds his flocks, like him, on the flowery banks of Jordan and Tiberias. Then, if we turn to the east and north, the Haouron and the Bekaa are still rich in corn. The seven-eared wheat of Egypt, too, is sometimes seen. Lebanon is laden, as heretofore, with luscious fruits and herbs, cedars and stately pines. Mount Cassius is clothed with lofty sycamores and oaks, and other forest trees, from the summit to the waters of the Mediterranean, which sparkle at her base. The finest silk is annually exported from Suedia; and the shelving shores of the Orontes produce gums, cotton, indigo, and sugar, oil, rice, and other grain; there is excellent pasturage for cattle; and the neighboring districts abound in stone, coal, and iron. In fact, there are the same germs of prosperity and wealth now as at any former period: the climate is healthy, the diseases few, the seasons are well marked, and there are no fogs; the scenery is the finest that can be conceived; communication with Europe is easy; and the people are talented, hospitable, and brave, and for the most part well disposed; but the country is distracted by political and religious intrigues, which compromise the happiness of the Rayahs, and curtail the resources of the Government.—*Dr. Yates' Lecture at the Syro Egyptian Society of London.*

HUMAN NATURE.—Human nature is careless and unthinking rather than callous; undisciplined and uncivilized rather than radically bad; and happiness is trifled and slatterned away rather by unthinking negligence with regard to the wants and feelings of others than by deliberate evil purposes. The latter, indeed, is we believe a very rare occurrence in every-day life; it is the subject matter of the dark and tragic passages of the human story—the other is all but universal; and, indeed, it requires a very careful education on our own part, to arrive at those kind, benevolent, daily habits which make the sum of life.

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS.—Authors have always got a sorry time with publishers.—Prideaux's Connection was *kicked* about for five years before any one would publish it.—Robinson Crusoe was for a long time without a publisher. Tristram Shandy, after much effort, realized for the author $50. Blair's Sermons were refused by Strahan. Miss Burney got £5 for Evelina. The "Pleasures of Hope" were refused at first by every bookseller in London, and was finally purchased for £10.

Agricultural.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

FROM THE ALBANY CULTIVATOR.

NIPPING OFF THE TOPS OF POTATOES.—A few months since, Dr. Klotch recommended nipping off the tops of potatoes, while growing, in order to prevent the attack of the disease. A foreign paper gives the result of an experiment to test this, from which it appears that of two parallel rows, equal in extent, one having the tops nipped off, as recommended, and the other left untouched, the latter gave 27 pounds more of sound potatoes than the former.

HOW TO RAISE THIRTY BUSHELS OF WHEAT PER ACRE WHERE YOU COULD NOT RAISE TWENTY BEFORE.—Where you have a good clover sod, let the clover grow until the first week in June; then take a good team and plough, and turn the clover all under; then roll the sod down flat, and let it lay eight or ten days; then take a light harrow or cultivator, and pulverize the ground fine, and about the 25th of June sow two and a half bushels of corn to the acre, and after harrowing it well roll it down smooth. About the last week in August, take your roller and press the corn down as flat as possible, going round with the roller the same way you intend to plough the land; then plough the land as deep as possible, and turn all the corn under—follow with the roller, pressing all down flat. Thus you have two crops well mixed with the soil for manure.

Then take a light harrow or cultivator, and pulverize the ground fine, and sow your wheat about the middle of September, and if you do not have one-third more wheat than you do where you summer fallow, tell me I am mistaken in a cheap method of manuring land. The corn will grow so thick that it will keep every other plant down, and leave the ground clean, and if there is a few or all leaves of the corn scratched up with the harrow, it will afford a good top dressing for the wheat.

Auburn, Sept. 22, 1848. IRA HOPKINS.

ON THE USE OF FISH FOR MANURE.—In those towns in this section bordering on the seacoast, White-fish are extensively used as a manure for all kinds of crops. The price of them varies from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents a thousand, the average price being about one dollar. They are caught in large numbers from May till October, in schools varying from one hundred fish to one hundred thousand, and are applied to the soil in various ways. Some persons, during the hurry of haying and harvesting, spread them on the surface of the ground, and allow them to dry up by the sun, a stench in the nostrils of every passer by. Others spread them year after year on their rye stubble, as long as they can get ten or fifteen bushels of rye per acre, and until their land is actually fished to death, and overrun with sorrel and noxious weeds.

They are usually spread evenly over the surface of the ground, at the rate of about ten thousand to the acre, and ploughed in in the course of twenty-four hours, it being less work than to compost them. But the best way in which they can be used, is to mix them intimately with muck and coalpit dirt, and let them remain over the winter, when they will be changed into a black, inodorous mass, forming one of the richest and most valuable composts known. Ten thousand of them composted in this way, at a cost of ten dollars, will produce a rotation of crops without any other manure—say from one to two hundred bushels of potatoes, or fifty bushels of corn, thirty bushels of rye, and two or three crops of grass. This compost spread upon old grass lands, has a most surprising effect.

A YOUNG FARMER.

Madison, Conn., Sept. 22, 1848.

PRESERVING CLOVER SEED.

The unusual productiveness of seed in the clover crop of last season, induces me to seize this auspicious moment to offer to agriculturists the following remarks, referring to the supposed deteriorating influence of age on clover seed.

There is a general opinion as seed is not fit to sow which has been kept over one year, or, that its vegetable principle is less active. Acting on this opinion, a farmer will sell his surplus seed at four to five dollars per bushel, and be constrained perhaps, the following year, to supply his farm at the rate of $8, and sometimes $10. This often happens, as for the last twenty years in our country we have not had two consecutive seasons favorable to clover seed; this error, therefore, so injurious to the farmer's interest should be at once corrected.

The seed of the second year may be slower in sprouting than the first, I admit; this may be accounted for in the increased hardiness of the hull, a difficulty easily overcome by soaking the seed 24 hours previous to sowing, in a solution of salt water of the temperature of 120 degrees Fah. Then dry it with lime, plaster of Paris, or ashes and with a good season and soil, it must grow and flourish, and no mistake.

Let the farmer then, while seed is plenty, attend carefully to its preservation. When brought from the mill, (if perfectly dry) put it away in one or two bushel sacks, suspend them from the joists of his granary, when the temperature is equal, and I will guarantee its fertility for ten years or more.

No agricultural paper to my knowledge, has ever hit on this subject, and should you deem these remarks of any value, you may give them a resting place in your admirable journal.—*Southern Planter.*

TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER IN WINTER.

We often hear the complaint that butter, made in winter, is poor. Ours was so for several seasons. It was very slow in coming, and frothy, white, and sometimes bitter; while butter made from the same kind of milk in the warm season was good. I devised many plans for improvement, such as throwing in salt, warm milk, scalding cream, &c. but to no purpose. At length I scalded my milk when brought from the cow, afterwards setting it in either a cold or warm place as most convenient. I mean I communicated sufficient heat to my milk to destroy the effect which frosty feed in autumn or dry feed in the winter had upon it. Since which time we have made, with fifteen minutes' churning, purer, sweeter, and more yellow butter than we ever made in summer—and sometimes from the frozen cream gradually warmed. And were it not that the increase of manufactures, the pursuit of fashion, and other causes combined, render helping hands in the dairy-room now-a-days very scarce, I should be at the trouble of scalding my milk before setting it during the summer, as well as in winter; for surely, butter made in this way possesses a delicious richness and dryness which cannot be found in any other.

A HOUSE KEEPER.

Farmer and Mechanic.

AMERICAN FARMERS.

Many thousand farmers in New England rear large families, pay all their debts and taxes promptly, live independently, well clothed and comfortably housed and provided for on farms of fifty acres. The idea is that these people labor severely. This is a great mistake. They have much, because they waste no time. With them there is "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." Their horses, cattle, tools and implements, are attended to with clock-like regularity. Nothing is put off till to-morrow that can be done to-day. Economy is wealth, and system affords ease. These men are seldom in a hurry, except in harvest time. And in long winter evenings or severe weather, which forbids employment out doors, one makes corn brooms, another shoes, a third is a carpenter, cooper or tailor, and one woman spins, another weaves, and a third plaits "Leghorn bonnets." And the families thus occupied are among the most healthy and cheerful in the world. It is easy with them to reduce their wishes to their means, if convenient, or prudent, and to extend their means to their wishes.—*Genesee Farmer.*

POOR WIVES.—"As well might the farmer have the Venus de Medicis placed in his kitchen for a wife," says the Rev. Henry Colman in one of his agricultural lectures,—"as some of our fashionable women. Indeed it would be much better to have Lot's wife standing there, for she might answer one useful purpose; she might *salt his bacon!*"

SHELTER YOUR STOCK.

Carbon is furnished to the blood by the food we eat. If more be furnished than is wanted to keep the body warm, the balance is deposited over the whole body in the form of fat. The warmer the body is kept, the less animal heat is required, and the greater will be the amount of fat. Hence it is that all animals fatten quicker in warm weather, and on a less amount of food than in cold weather. The appetite increases with the demand of the body for warmth; and if the body is constantly exposed to intense cold, the stomach will rapidly digest the greatest quantity of food. Hence it is that the people near the North pole, can digest a quart of train oil easier than our stomachs can a quart of soup, and yet they are a small race of people, nearly all the nutrition of the food they eat being consumed in making animal heat.

Just so it is with the farmer's stock. If he keeps them well sheltered in warm dry places, less animal heat is necessary to keep them warm, and, consequently, they will keep fatter on a much less amount of food, than when constantly exposed. Let the farmer, then, who would have his stock look well in the spring, and that on a moderate allowance of food, now prepare to shelter them. Let him shed around each side of his stable, and closely plank up the sheds. Let him prepare sheds for his hogs, too. Keep them warm and dry, and our word for it, a new race of hogs will soon be seen, which will equal the best of our breeds.

As soon, therefore, as the wheat is sown, (which mostly ought to be, we think by this time,) commence preparing your stables, and sheds and stalls. Do what you can this fall, and continue making additions from time to time as you can, until not an animal on the farm but what has its regular place to sleep at night, and can find protection from the rains and snows during the day. And then when this is done, you will acknowledge, that the best day of your life was the day on which you determined to follow the advice here given.—*Farmer's Gardner.*

The Olio.

LOVE AND LIGHTNING.

A lady, who her love had sold
Asked if a reason could be told
Why wedding-rings were made of gold.
  I ventured thus t' instruct her:
Love, ma'am, and lightning are the same—
On earth they glance, from heaven they came,
Love is the soul's electric flame,
  And gold its best CONDUCTOR.

VICTORIA'S PEDIGREE.—The governments of Europe make a great parade and wonderful display of pomposity in relation to reigning houses. France has its house of Bourbon, Prussia that of Brandenburg, Austria that of Hapsburg, and England, after trying a number of dynasties, has for two hundred years been ruled by the house of Hanover, represented by a race of Guelphs. These Guelphs, whereof Victoria Coburg is the most fortunate, have been a long time on the way. They may be traced back to the time of Charlemagne; and the story runs, as related to us by a mysterious vieux moustache, in a gloomy tavern at Osnabrick, thus:

"In the year 800, Isenbard, Count of Altorf, saw an old woman who had three children at a birth, and thinking this unnatural, he called her an adulteress. The old woman in her anger retaliated, praying that the Countess Irmentrat might have as many at a birth as there are months in the year. Accordingly, while the Count was gone to the chase, his lady was delivered of twelve boys, and fearing the anger of her husband, she ordered the maid to take eleven in a basket and drown them. On her way she met the Count, who asked her what was in the basket. She replied 'Guelphs!' (young dogs.) The Count, however, examined the basket, and from the strength and likeness of the boys, knew them for his own. He educated them secretly, and when they were grown, returned them to the mother. From that time Guelph has been the family name, and Victoria, in her faithfulness, keeps up the honor of the family."

ORIGINALITY.—If we study great men, we shall find they were not so much distinguished by originality as by range or extent of thought. If we require of them that absolute originality which consists in weaving, like the spider, their web from their own bowels, we shall not succeed in obtaining it. No great man was original. Least of all does originality consist in unlikeness to other men. A great man is a centre of things—seeing the wants of other men, and sharing their desires—adds also strength of arm to come at their point. The greatest genius is the most indebted man—the greatest poet is a man who does not wake up and say, "I will square the circle, ransack botany, and discover another food for man; I have a new architecture in my mind; I will foresee a new organic power." No: he is forced on by the genius of his contemporaries. He stands where all the eyes of men look, and their hands all point the direction in which he should go. He finds the materials ready to his hands; they have sunk the hills and bridged the rivers for his road. Men, poets, women, have all worked for him, and he has entered into their labors. Great general power, we might almost say, consists in not being original at all, but to the greatest extent receptive.—*Emerson.*

HARRISON GRAY OTIS AND DANIEL WEBSTER.—We have heard a good story respecting these two distinguished men, which we think is not in print.

Mr. Webster was speaking, on one occasion, some years since, in Faneuil Hall. If we remember right, he was arguing in favor of the "Maysville Road" bill. Mr. Otis sat near him, on the platform. Mr. Webster proceeded as follows:

"I am in favor, Mr. Chairman of all roads, except—except—"

Here he stuck, and could not think of any exception. Mr. Otis saw his difficulty, and said to him, in a low voice,

"Say, except the *road to ruin!*"

Mr. Webster heard it, and, as if he had merely stopped for the purpose of making his remark more effective, repeated the whole, as follows:

"I repeat it, Mr. Chairman, I am in favor of all roads except—*the road to ruin.*"

The wit in Otis, in this instance, was well met by the presence of mind in Webster.—*Lynn News.*

ELEPHANT DESTROYER.—Elephants though from their size and strength formidable to all the other inhabitants of the forest, themselves live in continual apprehension of a smaller reptile, against which neither their sagacity nor their prowess can defend them. This diminutive creature gets into the trunk of the elephant, and pursues its course till it finally fixes in the head, and, by keeping him in continual agony, at length torments the stupendous animal to death. So dreadfully afraid are elephants of this dangerous enemy, that they use a variety of precautions to prevent his attacks; and never lay their trunks to the ground, except to gather or separate their food.

WARMTH OF THE SNOW BLANKET.—At the French Academy of Sciences, (March 14th, 1843,) M. Arago read a communication on the warmth imparted to the earth by a covering of snow, and respecting which there has hitherto been much scepticism. M. Arago stated that M. Boussingault had ascertained the truth of the theory beyond the possibility of doubt, during the past winter. He found that a thermometer plunged in snow to the depth of a decimitre (about four inches,) sometimes marked 9 degrees of heat greater than at the surface.—*Medical Times.*

MEETING AN EMERGENCY.—A worthy old couple had the misfortune to have their sitting goose killed in one of her daily promenades, a few days before the goslings were ready to leave the shell. What was to be done? The eggs were cooling fast; no time was to be lost. Difficult emergencies excite brilliant efforts of genius. In an instant the old man was undressed and in bed. To him the orphan eggs were transferred. When he grew tired of lying, the old lady took her turn, till the goslings were safely hatched.—*Gardeners' Chronicle.*

CONNUBIAL REGULARITY.—The following connubial-looking announcement was duly posted in the town of Dunkeld, not a long time ago, and was also to be seen painted on a board at the coach office:—"*The Duchess of Atholl leaves the Duke's arms every morning at six, A. M.*" &c. The said Duchess being the name of a coach going to the Highlands, and the Duke's Arms the name of a well known hotel.

ONE TRUE EPITAPH.—In a country graveyard in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it—

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19 years."

This is a very common disease in this region, although it generally goes under the name of a "wonderful providence."